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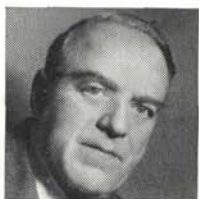
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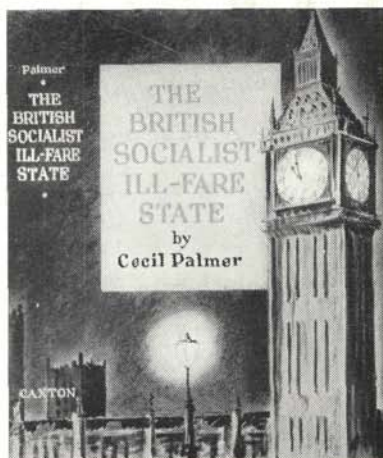
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Founded by Henry L. Mencken

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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Must Vice Presidents Be Throttlebottoms?

A brief look at our Vice Presidents and some suggestions for improving the breed.

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Samuel Lubell: THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS

by James Burnham

Charles Callan Tansill: BACK DOOR TO WAR

by Frederic Sanborn

Alistaire Cooke: ONE MAN'S AMERICA

by William Phillips

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In the **MERCURY's** **OPINION**

We Are Not for Eisenhower on June 1

Some of our readers have concluded that because we are glad that Eisenhower is running we must be *for* him; others have concluded that because we distrust some of Eisenhower's advocates we must be *against* him.

The best way to explain our attitude, as of June 1, before we've either heard or seen the general, is to recall an incident from the life of the late Huey Long. In the fall of 1935, Huey wired the new student Political Union at Yale University his "congratulations" on its inauguration. His wire read: IF YOU'RE FOR ME I'M FOR YOU; IF YOU'RE NOT FOR ME I'M NOT FOR YOU.

That's straightforward talk, even

if it does come from the Kingfish, and amid the political uncertainties of 1952 we recommend it. Eisenhower is scheduled to make at least three major speeches during June and to submit to many interviews. All we can do is look him in the eye and try to decide whether he's *for* us; then, if either with or without our support he wins the nomination, we'll have to keep looking him in the eye and try to note in which direction he's leading the Republican Party. If, either as a candidate for the nomination or for the Presidency, he begins to trim or equivocate, then he won't be for us and we won't be for him.

Eisenhower, as well as all our other readers, certainly knows what we are *for*. He has read and commented on most of our policy pieces

for the last twenty months. He knows that we are, first of all, for "throwing them out"; and he knows that the "them" we want to throw out include Truman and Acheson and all the State Department dandies whom Acheson has refused to turn his back on, together with Truman's lesser thieves who have stolen only mink and money. Then, after the house-cleaning, we're for checked-and-balanced constitutional government as opposed to statism.

We believe with Woodrow Wilson that "the history of liberty is the history of men's efforts to restrain government"; so in 1952 we are *for* restraining the federal government with new, clearly stated, constitutional amendments.

We do not believe — and we are told that the general does not believe — that the Republican Party in 1952 should make many concessions to the "liberals" or the "independents" or the "New Dealers." The Republican Party has a standby, conservative support of about thirty-five per cent of the electorate; and for the party to do violence to this thirty-five per cent in an effort to lure an "independent" fifteen per cent would appear, by experience, to be an unwise tactic.

The party has tried this before, only to find that for every marginal voter it captures in its competition to out-gigolo the statists, one of its own fails to show up at the polls. The winning tactic for 1952, we be-

lieve, will be for the Republican Party to stand clearly for constitutional, anti-New Deal government and let the chips fall. This policy, it is true, may result in another defeat, but it will be an honorable defeat.

Excepting for two brief visits to power in the twenties, the Labor Party in Britain lost elections repeatedly for forty-five years. But during the long wait the party leaders didn't beckon to conservative or liberal opinion for support. They stuck to their guns. And one dismal day in 1945 they and their program were swept into office. They had worked for that day, devotedly, intelligently. It's true that they have since done their level best to make Britain uninhabitable; but they have given Britons an honest choice.

This lesson is especially important for the Republican Party this year. If constitutional government is desirable, it's desirable irrespective of whether it commands majority support. It's desirable irrespective of whether the Republican Party wins in 1952 or in 1972. If it is the fate of the United States of America to move irretrievably towards statism, bankruptcy, and tyranny, there's no reason why history shouldn't record that the disintegration of constitutional government took place under the exclusive aegis of the Democratic Party.

This is what we're *for* in 1952. And if General of the Armies Dwight David Eisenhower can convince us

that he's for us, we know of no reason why we shouldn't be for him.

The "White Paper" On Mr. Acheson

In our April issue THE MERCURY published a sober, carefully-documented article called *Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson*. It was written by Professor Felix Wittmer and checked before publication by four men whom we regard as reliable students of Acheson's tragic career. The article simply set forth the known facts from Acheson's record from the day in the early 1930's when he was first retained by the Soviet Union, down to January 12, 1950, when, as Secretary of State, he informed the Asiatic Communists that we had no plans to defend South Korea.

We are not persecuting Acheson as an individual. The reason why we keep him rather regularly in mind is well set forth in this passage from Whittaker Chambers' book *Witness*:

Between the years 1930 and 1948, a group of . . . men and women, Communists or close fellow travelers, or their dupes, working in the U. S. Government or in some singular unofficial relationship to it . . . affected the future of every American now alive. . . . Their names, with half a dozen exceptions, still mean little or nothing to the mass of Americans. But their activities, if only in promoting the triumph of Communism in China, have decisively changed the history of Asia, of the U. S., and therefore, of the world.

If mankind is about to suffer one of its decisive transformations, if it is about to close its 2,000-year-old experience of Christian civilization, and enter upon another wholly new and diametrically different, then that group may claim a part in history such as it is seldom given any men to play, particularly so few and such obscure men. One of them was Alger Hiss . . .

We believe, simply, that one of these Americans, along with Hiss, though probably not a traitor, only a "humanitarian" dupe, was Dean Gooderham Acheson. We believe that the effect of most of his political activity has been to aid the extension of Soviet slavery and to handicap the cause of human freedom.

That during the past two years he has done some constructive work toward the containment of Soviet power only makes him appear more sadly ridiculous to us. For twenty years he fed the bear and denounced all of us who feared the bear might one day attack us. Now he wants history to remember him as a world's champion bear-baiter!

We expected little reaction from the article, but six weeks after its publication, on May 19, 1952, we suddenly learned by telephone from the *New York Times* that the State Department had issued a 27-page "White Paper" charging us with "half-truths, statements out of context, misrepresentations and total falsehoods."

We reacted hopefully because we thought that, with this propaganda blast, the State Department might have made it possible for us to get before some Congressional Committee where the Secretary could be questioned under oath about his record. Since the "White Paper" had been addressed to Senator Paul H. Douglas in response to his alleged inquiry, we hastily dispatched a letter to the senator urging him to call a public meeting so that we could confront the Secretary and his spokesmen with our documents and witnesses.

We wrote the senator:

We will prove, sir, from the Congressional Record of May 16, 1933, that Mr. Acheson was formerly retained by the Soviet Union, and we will rely on the testimony of such witnesses as J. Bim Pond, President in 1946 of the American Platform Guild; Arthur Bliss Lane, former Ambassador to Poland; William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to Soviet Russia; former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes; former Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle Jr.; and other honorable Americans.

We believe, sir, that in demanding the "facts" in Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson you have rendered the American people another splendid service. *THE MERCURY*, too, is proud of its 28-year-old record of presenting the truth. Therefore, we await your invitation.

We have had no answer to this letter — and we aren't likely to have.

We have used all the influence we can muster in Washington — which isn't much — to get before some agency where testimony can be taken under oath. But it is too much to hope for.

Any of our readers who'd like a copy of the "White Paper" for their files may be able to obtain one by writing to the State Department. We got ours only through the help of a New Deal senator.

There is one surprise and one disappointment in the matter for us. The surprise is that the State Department ever read the piece, since the Department went to unusual lengths to cancel all its 24 subscriptions to *THE MERCURY* many months ago.

The disappointment is that our "White Paper" was not prepared, as was the China "White Paper" by a distinguished scholar like Professor Philip C. Jessup. Our "White Paper" was prepared by a Mr. Howland H. Sargeant, who, it seems, is an Assistant Secretary of State, and whose only claim to fame around Washington is that he is the fourth husband of Miss Myrna Loy.

Mr. Sargeant proposes "answers" to many questions in his long paper, but he never gives straight answers to the two questions the American people are most interested in:

When did Mr. Acheson cease being paid by the Soviet Union? And, since Acheson was first retained by the Soviet Union, how much money has he and/or his law firm

been paid by Communist governments?

Mr. Fast Sends A Letter to China

A friend of ours with a sharp eye for some of the more relaxing anomalies of our taut times forwarded along a recent copy of the Communist publication, *People's China*, which is published in English, in Peking. The body of the magazine served up the usual, humorless dose of Marxian dialectic, Stalinist politics, and Ehrenburg invective — tailored to the concerns of the People's Government of liberated China.

But on page sixteen, the seventh-inning stretch between Soong Ching Ling on Peaceful Co-Existence and Liu Ning-I on Asia's Path to Freedom and Prosperity, the dreary clouds cleared as our eyes fell on a few lines in a letter beginning "Dear friend" and signed "Howard." The friend isn't identified, but Howard is. It's Howard Fast, one of the busiest Communists in the United States, taking time to write a friend in China to congratulate and encourage him on his new-found freedom, and to deplore the growth of American fascism.

Fast writes: "I tell you that the merest Chinese peasant, under the present regime, knows more of world events and world issues than the average American intellectual."

Out of the mouths of babes and Bolsheviks come apocalyptic serv-

ings of wisdom! We're not sure exactly how much the merest Chinese peasant knows, but we've a good idea what the "average American intellectual" knows; and the odds, by default, are with the Chinese. It was this "forward-looking," "average American intellectual" that tooted the praises of Mao Tse-tung, the agrarian reformer. It was the "average American intellectual" that filled the halls of the universities to learn from the visiting intellectual that support of Chiang Kai-shek was support of fascism and direct interference into the indigenous freedom that Mao was fighting so valiantly to bring to the oppressed of China.

And in recent days it has been these intellectuals who have brought publicity to Mr. Fast and his messages. The satraps of Yale University saw nothing wrong in allowing one of its lecture halls to be used by Fast to accept an invitation from the young intellectuals to hear "the other side of the story." The same thing happened at Barnard College. And a little while back Howard Fast released the news that one of the fastest growing titans of American history, Harry Truman, had warmly commended him during the forties on his sterling contributions to literature and history.

"We are a country of enormous contradictions, of great wealth and power, and, in some respects, awesome ignorance," Fast went on in his letter. "What the future holds in this

situation I can't possibly say. I do know that those of us who are in the organized center of the struggle are more hopeful now than we have been in many months. Of course we have some very strong allies. . . . We have always here in America admired and taken comfort out of the faith which Chinese leaders have shown in the masses of the American people. . . . Believe me, what is happening in America today should re-enforce this faith."

All things considered, this is quite right. A certain amount of truth is getting through to the Red Chinese after all.

Why Not Break Off at Panmunjom?

At this writing, only the question of whether North Korean and Chinese prisoners shall be forcibly repatriated stands in the way of an agreement at Panmunjom. "There is no other issue," Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy has said. There are no other issues largely because the United Nations have surrendered, point by point, to the ardent demands of the Communists. Accordingly, we have agreed that the North Koreans may build airfields during the truce — a major concession — and we have made numerous minor concessions as well.

The question, of course, is shall we make this final concession to the Communist aggressors? Shall we turn over to them the hundred thou-

sand prisoners who with varying degrees of emphasis have registered their unwillingness to return to the lands of the proletariat, north of the Yalu?

Our record, on the question of repatriation, is heinous. In 1945 and 1946 we repatriated hundreds of thousands of Russians and Poles who had fled Communist tyranny. What we did, in effect, was to guarantee to staff the Kremlin's execution chambers and concentration camps. This one item alone stripped the Allies of their shining armor. The evil of that deed was slightly mitigated by the now demonstrable fact that there wasn't, apparently, one influential officer in our State Department or in our occupying armies who knew enough about the Russians to be able to predict the fate of these wretched refugees. They had all fallen prey to our own propaganda. But such an excuse no longer applies.

The facts stand out this time: using the most unambiguous language, our high command in South Korea has promised freedom to any defecting North Korean or Chinese. Witness some sample leaflets:

"Bring your fellow soldiers over to the UN forces; Good food, Good treatment and eventual freedom await you."

"Do not die for the Communist aggressor! Do not become a ghost in a foreign land! Choose the road that leads to safety and life! . . ."

"... do not be deceived by the false

propaganda of the Communists. They will still try to force you to death. But do not obey them. Live, and await the glorious day of freedom!"

"The UN symbolizes hope for a bright day!"

In response to such leaflets and safe conduct passes, the Communists have been deserting in droves. Many of them have since tattooed anti-Communist slogans on their arms and chests to record for all time their opposition to "agrarian reform."

And yet, having publicly announced that "this is the only issue," we continue to meet with the Communists at Panmunjom. Why? Because, we are told, it would be bad propaganda for us to walk out; it would reinforce the Communist claim that we are not "peace-loving" people.

Let's face it that the Communists will spread whatever propaganda they are inclined to spread. If we continue to meet with them at Panmunjom, we will be warmongers because we refuse to conclude negotiations. If we break off negotiations, we will be warmongers for refusing to meet with them — just as we're guilty of using biological warfare because we *haven't* used it!

It's really simpler than we make it out to be: the Communists have a virtual monopoly on propaganda in all the lands they have subjugated. Irrespective of whether we continue to talk at Panmunjom or not, we will still be branded warmongers,

and the Communist slaves will still believe we are.

On the other hand, *so long as we continue to sit at Panmunjom when repatriation is the only issue*, the word will spread that it is conceivable, perhaps even likely, that we will give in. Otherwise, the logical man will reason, why do we continue negotiations? Why don't we simply retire from Panmunjom and keep our offer open to conclude the truce as soon as the Communists have accepted our terms? Why confer when there's nothing to confer about?

Our failure to withdraw from Panmunjom will cause world-wide depreciation of our sacred word. Our failure to withdraw will choke off the flow of deserters from the ranks of the enemy, and it will invigorate the fighting instincts of the enemy. And, quite reasonably, our lack of firmness will affect the resolution and the disposition to make sacrifices on the part of our friends behind the Iron Curtain in Europe.

The Indispensable Mr. Truman

Considering that a year from now he will be writing history books in some quiet corner of Missouri, Mr. Truman is making funny noises. Now Mr. Truman has been very emphatic in disclaiming any intention to run again. But he has said a lot of things only an old killjoy would remind him of.

As things stand, Mr. Truman says

he's leaving office — of his own accord. Such a voluntary relinquishment of power gladdens the hearts of Americans, who instinctively distrust pretensions to personal indispensability. We all sort of warmed up to Harry Truman when he announced that the White House was to let. It reminded us of Oscar Wilde's character who said to a reprobate in whom he detected an alarming tendency toward decency: "I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked, and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy."

But Truman knows he's not going to be *ousted*. He recently told the Americans for Democratic Action that "a President of the United States, when he desired and when he wants to be nominated, there isn't anybody in the world can keep him from it" (sic). So if Mr. Truman wakes up on Nomination Day and the spirit moves him, nothing and nobody can stop him from running.

The only barrier is his word, and we've seen him take *that* hurdle in his stride.

Freedom and Economic Order

In this issue of *THE MERCURY* we print three articles on a notoriously knotty (some say boring) subject: economics. Why? Because our political destiny in large part hangs on economic decisions. One article (p. 57) is about the fallacy of thinking industrialization a panacea for the ills of underdeveloped countries. If it is a fallacy, and we persist in it, we risk losing countries like India and Greece to Communism. Another (p. 121) reconsiders the notion of "redistributing" wealth which, it is argued, aiming at equality only begets an oppressive bureaucracy. Our third article, "Alternative to Serfdom" (p. 31) by the distinguished economist Wilhelm Roepke, goes right to the root of the matter: our present crisis springs out of our failure to decide upon and establish a workable and free economic order.

Whatever candidates the parties nominate at the conventions in July, whatever men the people elect, this problem must be faced, and not only in our own country, but also on an international level.

Boris Shub

Why America Is Losing

World War III

WE ARE LOSING WORLD WAR III. As long as military thinking dominates our foreign policy and we keep our sights fixed on the negative goals of "defense of the free world," "settlement with the Soviet leaders," or atomic war, we shall go on losing.

While we prepare for a conventional military showdown, the totalitarian leaders fight on a global scale, with a wide variety of political, economic, and psychological weapons. According to John Foster Dulles, one of the architects of our bipartisan foreign policy, we will devote ninety-nine per cent of this year's "security" budget of about sixty billions to military purposes and to producing equipment which

rapidly grows obsolete and requires constant replacement.

We spend billions arming ourselves and our allies for the military defense of the West, while the Communists fight inside our strongholds. To industrial Britain, Germany, and Japan, our policy holds out the prospect of their being cut off indefinitely from the markets of Eastern Europe, Russia, and China, thus making it virtually impossible for them to regain their economic health and independence. To 800,000,000 people under totalitarian despotism we offer very little indeed. To the whole world, we suggest a generation or more of a garrison-state existence, with the only likely alternative global slaughter or a deal with Soviet tyranny.

By concentrating on military matters and letting the military decide too many things, we have reduced our capacity for intelligent political action and alienated large

Boris Shub, who served as political director of radio RIAS in West Berlin during the 1948 Soviet blockade, is the author of The Choice, and the recently published photo history, Since Stalin.

sections of world opinion. "Our far-flung, extravagant and surreptitious military projects," Dulles now admits, "are frightening many who feel that we are conducting a private feud with Russia which may endanger them, rather than performing a public service for peace."

We have fought to a military stalemate in Korea, but we do next to nothing to halt Communism in strategic India, in spite of former ECA chief Paul Hoffman's warning that "India in 1952 stands where China stood in 1946." We have lost much of our prestige with the masses of Asia by the failure of our foreign policy to prevent totalitarian despotism from triumphing in China — its greatest victory since Lenin seized power in Russia. We have weakened our cause in Asia still further by allowing, after the Korean war began, hundreds of thousands of anti-Communist Chinese guerrillas to be exterminated by Mao Tse-tung, for want of weapons and supplies, and by permitting the agents of Stalin and Mao to exploit the Korean truce negotiations month after month for their own propaganda purposes.

Our NATO program has the support of the present cabinets in Western Europe, but "neutralism" and anti-American feeling are strong among people of all classes in these countries. By freeing industrialists like the Krupps, who helped finance Hitler's rise to power and

built his war machine, and generals convicted of heinous war crimes, in order to create the climate we thought essential to German rearmament, we have damaged our reputation with German democratic opinion.

We have disappointed the hopes of the peoples of Communist-ruled Central and Eastern Europe (who remember that at Yalta we accepted Stalin's assurance of "free and unfettered elections" in their countries) by giving them only messages of good cheer.

We have dissipated much of the enormous prestige we had with the Soviet army and people when World War II ended by telling them, constantly, that we are prepared to make a "settlement" with the Kremlin; by our failure to speak out clearly as their friend and as the determined foe of their oppressors; by forcibly repatriating Russians who had fought against Stalin; by our indifference toward Soviet officers and men who risked their lives to escape to the West. By offering to do business with Stalin, while brandishing the threat of atomic war over the Russian people, we have enabled the Kremlin to convince many Soviet citizens that America's military preparations are aimed at them and not at Stalin; that we really intend to blast their cities off the earth and destroy their country.

In short, all around the world,

millions of people who—until a few years ago—placed great trust in the United States and in the American people, are now becoming convinced that we are simply another selfish great power.

We have been so preoccupied with building armies and making alliances with governments, at the expense of political strategy and principles, that we have forgotten that people are the allies who count most. They—not their governments—fight (or don't fight) the battles that decide history. Unless we have them on our side, we can pile armaments on armaments, build great air armadas, navies and field armies—and still lose.

THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS is not the result of our government leaders and army generals plotting to blow up the planet or to deliver mankind into enslavement under totalitarian rulers. Like the rest of us, our leaders would like to see peace and tolerable living conditions in the world.

The world mistrusts us because, with few exceptions, the advocates and critics of our foreign policy alike, Republicans as well as Democrats, accept the same wrong basic premises regarding the present struggle.

Here are the fallacies they share:

- Both sides overestimate the role of naked military power, alliances with "friendly governments," and other instruments of nineteenth-

century power politics, and both underestimate the importance of clear American political aims.

- Both sides refuse to understand why most Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians prefer almost any "peace" with Stalin to a repetition, on a more frightful scale, of 1914–1918 and 1939–1945.

- Both sides underestimate the long-range political dangers to the United States of the Iron Curtain barriers, which deny to Britain, Germany, and Japan markets in Eastern Europe and China that are essential to their economic health.

- Both sides underestimate the power of totalitarianism, under present world conditions, to conquer decisive new areas (India, Southeast Asia, and the Near East) without resort to conventional warfare, and to regain control in other key nations (Germany, Italy, Japan).

- Both sides fail to distinguish among the different types of Communist movements: the newly forged Communist power in Asia, with its fanatical young cadres and impoverished peasant masses; the Communism of economic discontent and war-weariness in Italy and France; the Communism of smart machine politics in the satellite states; and Soviet power in Russia today, where a second generation of overfed, overpaid party-police bureaucrats keeps an iron lid clamped on a literate, increasingly industrial society, over-ripe for representative government,

modern living standards and normal relations with the Western world.

- Both sides labor under the delusion that “a really effective campaign to incite the Russians [against the Kremlin dictatorship] would certainly drive the Stalinists to rivet the fetters more firmly and probably provoke them to the great war which it is our major object to avoid” (as an editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune* put it not long ago).

- Both sides overestimate Stalin’s economic, military, and political capacity to fight an all-out shooting war, and fail to understand that he is fighting *his* great war now, with the best weapons that he has.

- Both sides have yet to realize that we can lose the present war before it becomes the only kind of war they really understand — a war of atomic air assaults, beachhead landings and advancing armored divisions, powered by America’s unmatched technological arsenal.

LET US EXAMINE, briefly, the consequences of these fallacies on the major political fronts of the world.

In Western Europe, scene of two devastating world wars in this century, people who always looked on America as their friend are now convinced that all our aid, economic as well as military, is merely a down payment for cannon fodder, with themselves as the fodder. Their gov-

ernments tell them that the purpose of NATO is security, the defense of peace. But they were told the same thing when they armed in the past. Having buried the better part of their youth in the last two conflicts, never having fully recovered from the first World War, much less the second, having recently witnessed the destruction of their cities, they naturally see only disaster ahead.

It is dangerous to underestimate the force of these sentiments in Europe. The strength of neutralism in the conservative classes, the influence of Aneurin Bevan in the British Labor Party, the reluctance of German youth to get back in uniform, the mass support given to the Communist parties in Italy and France, the resurgence of fascistic parties in Italy and Germany — all this reflects in different ways, the material and psychological ravages borne by Europe since 1914.

Our unconditional demand for German rearmament (now tempered) has alarmed Western Europe without winning popular support in Germany itself. In Britain, opposition comes not only from an important segment of the Labor Party, but from elsewhere as well. Recently Lord Beaverbrook’s conservative *Daily Express* (the biggest selling morning newspaper in the country) wrote: “There should be no disposition to argue that German rearmament becomes a good thing

simply because the Russians oppose it. It is not Britain's business to create a new and more fearsome monster in order to spite an existing foe."

In France, our attitude provokes even stronger anxiety. French sentiment was expressed not long ago by veteran statesman Edouard Herriot, speaker of the National Assembly, who warned the United States: "Don't lead us into a repetition of the mistakes made between the two wars. Don't forget this so recent past. I agree that if we were in trouble you would come to aid us. But consider what a third world war would be. You would come to our aid, but in the meantime France would be dead, covered with ruins and corpses. You have not the right, as Americans, as democrats, to expose our country to this mortal danger."

If the picture is not wholly negative today, it is because of France's determined fight for the economic and political integration of Western Europe *before* German rearmament, and her insistence, over our initial objection, on establishing a European Army and not an independent Wehrmacht.

In Germany, on the other hand, there is strong feeling that American preoccupation with erecting military ramparts will perpetuate the partition of their country until such time as it becomes "another Korea" in which Germans fight

Germans for American ends. As elsewhere, such feelings cross party and class lines. Neutralism, with anti-American undercurrents, exists in influential industrial circles (whom Stalin tempts with the potential markets of the East); in the Protestant church (which appeals to the genuine pacificism that the experience of Hitler has begot in much of German youth); and in the nationalistic parties to the right of Chancellor Adenauer's Christian Democrats. In addition, the anti-Communist Social Democratic Party is exploiting the natural German desire for full independence and unity to win votes away from Adenauer.

Short-sighted American policy-makers assume that the "peace contract" with the West German Republic will end these problems. Europeans don't. There is widespread recognition that if Stalin makes a bona fide offer of German unity, no Bonn cabinet that rejects it will remain in office. Europe also knows that a united, rearmed Germany will be free to choose its own foreign policy, no matter what we do. And here, it is feared, is where Stalin still holds the trump card.

Nothing in the nature of things prevents an independent Germany from turning once more to Moscow, as it did at Rapallo in 1922, and as Hitler did in 1939. The British and French have not forgotten that the Soviet government maintained secret military ties with the illegal

Reichswehr from the early 1920's until Hitler came to power; that it helped the Nazis and nationalists overthrow the Weimar Republic; that Hitler acted against the advice of the non-Nazi generals when he broke the Nazi-Soviet pact and invaded Russia. They are aware that military and industrial circles still exist in Germany who are lured by General von Seeckt's concept of a military-economic partnership with Soviet Russia against the West, the modern version of Bismarck's dream. They know that Stalin hasn't abandoned hope of reviving this deadly combination. In October, 1949, he made a thinly veiled bid to these anti-Western elements when he said:

"The experience of the last war has shown that the German and Soviet peoples made the largest sacrifices in that war, that both these peoples have the largest potential in Europe to complete actions of world significance."

That is precisely what Europe dreads. As long as Soviet power exists in the Kremlin and democratic institutions remain insecure in Germany — the two are far more intimately connected than our policy-makers realize — the possibility of a new anti-Western German-Soviet partnership remains a threat to the democratic world.

WHEN WE TURN TO ASIA, we see, in more blatant form, the consequences of our lack of an over-

all political strategy. This is no time to rehash the American blunders which contributed to Mao's victory in China. Whether, after twenty years of civil wars and Japanese aggression, the giving by the United States of more weapons to Chiang Kai-shek would have prevented the hungry, exhausted Chinese from accepting Mao's promise of land reform and "people's government" is an open question.

It is more disturbing to note our continued mistakes since Chiang's defeat. Just before the Korean truce talks began, Mao faced real dangers from a new quarter. Our forces in Korea were inflicting heavy casualties on his armies and subjecting his economy to severe strains. At the same time, large guerrilla forces of Chinese peasants, remnants of Nationalist troops, and others were fighting on the mainland and winning considerable support from the local population, which had discovered that the Communist regime was worse than anything they had known in the past. Continued U. N. offensive action in Korea at this stage, synchronized with effective aid to the fighting anti-Communist forces, might have loosened Mao's still uncertain hold on the Chinese people. In May of last year, Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk tentatively suggested that the United States help the Chinese to free themselves. Promptly (May 21, 1951) the State Department dis-

avowed the Rusk statement, declaring that it did not favor American "involvement in the Chinese civil war." The Department also assured the British and French that Rusk's remarks didn't mean what they implied.

The disavowal reassured Mao as well. While the Republicans frightened Britain and France with demands for the bombing of Manchurian bases and aid to Chiang on Formosa, Mao obtained a truce that took the heat off his troops in Korea and allowed him to proceed with the extermination of the Chinese guerrilla armies.

The truce in Korea not only enabled Mao to destroy armed resistance in China, but gave him the means to convince the Chinese people that further opposition was suicide. If he was strong enough to fight American and U.N. forces to a draw, then he was in power to stay, was the deceptive moral of the story.

Since the Korean truce talks started, the Mao dictatorship has conducted purges and a propaganda war of unprecedented ferocity. By public mass executions and "brainwashing," by the tightening of the party-police apparatus, Mao has created a new totalitarian state which now powerfully influences India, Southeast Asia, and Japan.

Despite all this, our leadership still does not understand the nature of Communist power in China. Re-

publicans as well as Democrats urge the Voice of America to tell the Chinese people that we hope they will shake off the "Russian" yoke and regain their independence. Thus we betray both ignorance of who rules China today, and what must appear to the people as callous indifference to their fate. For the present Communist regime in Peking is Chinese, not Russian. By pretending otherwise, we in effect tell over 400,000,000 Chinese that we aren't really concerned with their suffering under Mao's brutal rule, but are only worried about how many Chinese divisions will fight on Stalin's side in a shooting war.

In India, Mao's success serves as a delayed-action bomb, ticking away in this country of over 300,000,000 half-starved people. Against this great threat our military weapons can do little. In the recent first general elections, the Communists made an impressive showing in five poverty-stricken South Indian states, winning nearly twenty per cent of the seats. Meanwhile, both Moscow and Peking saturate India with low-price books and pamphlets which hammer home the political, economic, and social advantages of lining up against the "Western imperialists."

According to Mino R. Masani, a leading Indian democrat, this propaganda exercises great influence on the politically immature literate classes — intellectuals, civil servants,

and army officers — who know nothing about Soviet reality or Mao's terror in China. Thus, India is flooded with an official biography of Stalin that is priced at about fifteen cents and sells over 300,000 copies. Masani has pleaded for an American educational counteroffensive. To date, however, there is little in bookshops, libraries, and universities to enlighten Indians.

Moreover, while we pour billions into arms for Western Europe, we make no comparable effort to help India combat the starvation which Communism exploits. Under the present Mutual Security Program we spend over ten times as many dollars for military aid to Europe as for economic and technical assistance to Asia. If the Soviet leaders are correct in their view that the road to Communist victory in Europe is through Asia, this is not a very wise distribution of "security" expenditures.

In Japan, despite considerable social and economic progress under enlightened American occupation policy, the real dangers still lie ahead. The peace treaty doesn't solve the problem of how this overpopulated industrial nation, which must import twenty per cent of her food, is to live without markets. At present, Japan's production is well above prewar levels. Yet in 1951, Japan's imports were only fifty-one per cent and her exports only thirty-one per cent of what they had been

before the war. The Japanese steel industry, which was almost completely dependent on China for iron and caking coal, now has to import most of this material from the United States at high freight rates. Unless we continue to subsidize the Japanese economy indefinitely, the temptation to trade with Communist China and the Soviet Union will become increasingly strong. Last October, a Soviet trade representative told the Japanese Diet that the U.S.S.R. was ready to offer caking coal to Japan at \$10 a ton — a fraction of the current American price. In November, a number of prominent Japanese business men, including the former president of the Manchurian Heavy Industry Corporation, visited Moscow. Later, a 100,000-rouble Stalin "peace prize" was awarded to the head of the Japanese Committee for the Defense of Peace.

"Until the economic problems following in the wake of the peace treaty are overcome," warns Takeo Naoi, a Japanese writer, "neutralism and the prospects of renewed trade with China will continue to exert a powerful attraction for a great many Japanese. So long as that is the case, there is danger that Japan will fall for the Kremlin's tempting bait."

On the political front, the return to public life of wartime industrial, military, and political leaders barred from office by General MacArthur

under the democratization decree of January 4, 1946, exposes the country to new totalitarian dangers. Here, too, our haste to rally dubious allies has not strengthened our cause. One of General Ridgway's first acts after replacing MacArthur was to give the go-ahead in May, 1951, for the mass clearance of these anti-democratic elements. Thus, while Stalin and Mao hold out economic bait and the Japanese Communist Party, with powerful Chinese support, foments anti-American feeling, the door has been opened for the return to power of men who are neither friends of ours nor of the Japanese people, and who would have no more compunction about signing a pact with Stalin now than they had eight months before Pearl Harbor.

WHEN, finally, we examine our policy toward Russia itself, the folly of our bipartisan emphasis on purely military matters becomes fully apparent. Our leaders know that in the basic war necessities (steel, petroleum, aluminum, electric power, transportation, etc.) we are far superior to the Soviet Union. According to a new study by Harvard's Russian Research Center, if the Soviet Union doubles its production by 1970 it will only have attained the United States' 1950 output. It is also no secret that Stalin has good reason to doubt the willingness of the Soviet army and peo-

ple to fight for his regime. He hasn't forgotten that during the early months of the last war, large numbers of Soviet troops surrendered to the Germans, later to fight on their side. Nazi stupidity and barbarism, not loyalty to the Soviet regime, rallied the people to the defense of their country. The subsequent Red Army advance from the Volga to Berlin required a combination of (a) the psychological effect of alliance with the democratic world; (b) Anglo-American bombing of German war industries; and (c) lend-lease aid, as well as the determination to drive a hated invader from native soil.

Stalin has done nothing since the war's end to increase his popularity at home. On the contrary, the failure of his regime to raise living standards to a decent level or to relax its police surveillance of the entire population, coupled with the exposure, during and since World War II, of millions of Soviet soldiers and civilians to the non-Communist world, have increased discontent. The maintenance of a huge MVD army solely for the purpose of preserving internal order, the expenditure of millions to jam Voice of America broadcasts, and the strict segregation of Soviet occupation troops, are only a few indications of Stalin's profound distrust of the army and people.

Instead of recognizing that here, at the very heart of totalitarian

power, direct political assault is our best weapon, United States policy is hobbled by fears of "provoking" Stalin. Instead of giving direct aid to the Soviet army and people against the regime, we make repeated offers to "compose our differences with the Soviet leaders."

After nearly thirty-five years of civil strife, purges, slave labor, war and privation under Communist rule, how do we expect people in Russia to react when they hear the Secretary of State say, as he did a year ago:

"If the men of the Kremlin could but conquer their inward fears and resolve their contradictions, if they could bring themselves to the comity which is the foundation of peace, great burdens would be lifted from the shoulders of people everywhere."

As against this, a Soviet officer who fled to the West, when asked how his countrymen would feel if they heard Stalin was dead, said: "Like Rome felt when Nero died."

When we consider that the truth about Soviet despotism has now been documented almost *ad nauseam*, it seems incredible that United States policymakers still tell Russians that our ultimate hope is to come to terms with their tyrants. The reason for this blindness is that we still haven't come out of the trance created by over three decades of pro-Soviet apologetics by Western scholars, writers, businessmen, and diplomats who filled our li-

braries and universities with glowing accounts of the "Soviet experiment." Hitlerism never had such respected press agents. But a generation of Americans who now shape our policy lived on a steady intellectual diet of Newspeak which justified all the crimes of the Soviet regime, and created the impression that Russia before Lenin was a howling wilderness, inhabited solely by illiterate *mushiks* and whip-cracking Cossacks.

Hence, our statesmen cannot bring themselves to believe that the Soviet leaders, heirs of the noble experiment, are really detested by the Russian people. Thus, they place exclusive reliance on containing "Russian" armed might, instead of conducting a revolutionary political war in partnership with the freedom-hungry Soviet people.

Hypnotized by decades of Soviet propaganda to believe that an indissoluble community of interest unites the Communist dictatorship with the Russian people — an identity flagrantly contradicted by the vast Soviet system of internal repression — our policy-makers shrink from the very thought of using the weapon of democratic revolution, the weapon which gave us nationhood and made America a torch for mankind. One day our leaders argue that to "incite" the Russians against Stalin might provoke an immediate shooting war. The next day they argue that it is so futile there is no

sense trying it. The Soviet leaders, they sometimes explain, are the representatives of a brave social experiment, gone sour. The Georgian Stalin, they add in the next breath, is really a Great Russian imperialist. At one moment, it is admitted that the Russian people fought for liberty for over a hundred years, gave the world a great culture, and share our desire for a decent world. At another, it is darkly intimated that they are really "Mongolians," conditioned by tight swaddling in infancy (as British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer writes) to require despotism, and that therefore, they can't possibly understand "Western" values of truth, justice, and elementary human rights. All these muddled ideas add up to our present Russian policy, or rather lack of one.

Thus we see that in sum total our present foreign policy amounts to a blueprint for slow defeat. It does not promise the end of totalitarian rule over a third of the human race or prevent other peoples from losing their freedom. It doesn't point to the day when the world's wealth and creative energies will no longer be squandered on non-productive armaments. It does not promise the removal of the iron barriers that prevent the exchange of goods, raw materials, and ideas indispensable for the economic health and progress of all peoples. And it offers little assurance that all our present

efforts won't go up some day in the flames of a global holocaust.

WHAT CAN WE DO? To start winning World War III we must have an over-all objective that makes sense to the peoples of the world. We need a global strategy that fits that objective, so that we can carry the fight to fronts of our and not Stalin's choosing. We need our atomic and military power not as an end in itself, but in order to keep a mailed fist in Stalin's face while we proceed with our political offensive.

There is only one objective that can rally mankind, and not merely its Western fringe, to our side. The peoples, in their overwhelming majority, want nothing more — or less — than a secure peace, tolerable living conditions, and elementary human rights. These are just those things no totalitarian system can offer them. We can.

Our supreme task, therefore, is to forge a new foreign policy which convinces mankind that we *are* fighting for these basic needs of all nations and peoples. We must demonstrate that we are conducting an all-out political offensive aimed at overthrowing totalitarian power by means short of the global shooting war which Stalin does not dare to start. All that we do on the military, economic, and political front must be with this plain objective in view.

When we make this clear policy

decision, we shall quickly discover how many opportunities exist for effective action. In Western Europe, we can help make the European Defense Community a lever to interest people behind the Iron Curtain in a democratic, united Europe. With this political end in view, we shall listen more attentively to those European statesmen who work toward close economic, political, and cultural unity, and help dispel Western Europe's fear of a shooting war.

We must utilize the psychological and moral value of a true European army—a greater force, in war or peace, than any divisions a dictator can promise us—as well as make other efforts toward European integration, to combat the revival of a dangerous nationalism in Germany or anywhere else on the Continent. We must press for the formation, within the European Army, of a Freedom Legion, of refugees from Communist tyranny. In this Legion, Poles, Czechs, Russians, Rumanians and others, serving together, can offer their fellow-countrymen an example of democratic cooperation, as well as the first concrete hopes of their coming liberation.

By accepting all democrats escaping from behind the Iron Curtain to join the common fight for freedom as our full-fledged allies, not as charity cases, we shall give all oppressed peoples tangible proof that the democratic world is growing stronger.

We must utilize every blow struck for human freedom anywhere, no matter how small, as material in a greatly expanded propaganda campaign, with the sure knowledge that a series of such blows has a cumulative effect on all who are now enslaved.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that propaganda is powerless against MVD machine guns. This fallacy arises from the failure to understand what constitutes effective propaganda. American hymns of self-praise, coupled with platonic commiseration for the victims of police terror, are indeed powerless. On the other hand, the wide reporting of the defeats administered Stalin by the United States and her allies is effective everywhere.

An excellent example of the effectiveness of propaganda against MVD machine guns was the impact of the Berlin airlift on Soviet occupation forces in East Germany. By our prompt support of Berlin during the blockade, we not only prevented this key city from falling into Stalin's hands, but we gave Soviet forces nearby clear proof that Stalin could be defeated. It was no accident that defections took a sharp turn upward during the airlift months, and that MVD officers themselves figured among those who fled. We convinced these men that we meant business, that we were fighting Stalin well within his own

territory. (Conversely, when we sit at a conference table with Communist stooges for months on end, we provide the stuff for equally effective anti-American propaganda.)

We can do much for people in all the satellite states. In a country like Albania, cut off from actual contact with its Communist neighbors, the actual unseating of the regime is considered no impossible feat by those who know the situation. Albania itself is small, but the downfall of its Communist regime would have repercussions elsewhere. It would open new possibilities in Bulgaria, cause the democratic Czechs to reconsider, in the light of their own proximity to the non-Communist world, the possibilities of their liberation; and would give all of Stalin's victims new evidence that he is no longer running the whole show.

While we aid Europeans to fight for freedom, we must conduct a vigorous propaganda counteroffensive, coupled with sufficient economic aid to combat hunger, in countries like India. Only by the full exposure of Communism's actual practices and by such aid, can we convince the people of India that Stalin and Mao have nothing to offer except misery and enslavement.

We can check Mao's dynamism further by appropriate military action in those Southeast Asian areas where Communist forces are now operating; by making known to

the Chinese troops and people exactly what we are doing to help other Asian peoples; and by holding out to them the prospect of a better life after the present despotism will have fallen.

All these efforts throughout the world will help speed the day when freedom returns to Russia. For these object lessons will not be lost on people there. But there is much we can do more directly. Soviet occupation troops, particularly those stationed in East Germany and Austria, are within relatively easy reach. We can facilitate their escape. We can promote Russo-German joint resistance action in the Soviet zone of Germany, as a West Berlin group, the Freedom Union for Russo-German Friendship, is already trying to do with woefully inadequate means. We can sow among Soviet forces returning to Russia seeds of democratic revolt that no police regime can destroy.

BEFORE WE CAN HOPE to win the Battle of Russia, however, the Soviet army and people must hear from the United States a ringing policy statement that convinces them we are fighting the ruling oligarchy and not them. When we have demonstrated that we mean exactly that; when they have cumulative evidence of our furnishing concrete assistance to democratic Soviet exiles in the free world; when they are convinced we regard them as full

partners and not as tools for selfish ends, then the rift between them and the ruling oligarchy will broaden, the power of the Kremlin over its subjects, soldiers and civilians alike, will decline, and the road

to freedom will finally open up.

Our new global democratic policy may not produce sensational results overnight. But by sticking to this course we shall be moving toward the only victory worthy of the name.

Trading with the Enemy?

LONDON, June 4, 1952 — The British Empire sold Russia more raw rubber the first four months of this year than she did during all of 1951.

Britain and Malaya sold 63,900 tons of rubber to Russia in 1949, 77,900 tons in 1950, 56,000 tons in 1951.

Figures for re-exports from Britain and direct exports from Malaya combined for the first four months of this year: January, 13,325; February, 18,914; March, 16,607; April, 9,579. Total for four months: 58,425.

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN

BONN, Germany, June 3, 1952 — The Mutual Security Agency's special mission here disclosed today that it had taken provisional action against eighty-seven West German concerns because of "improper trade with companies in the Soviet orbit."

The disclosure indicated the seriousness United States officials attached to the apparent predilection of West German businessmen to trade with the Communist-dominated East.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

WASHINGTON, May 31, 1952 — Experts are inclined to agree that the temptation for Japan to increase its trade with the Communist countries of Asia will mount as time goes on, for the simple reason that Moscow favors such trade and because it is considered cheaper for Japan to obtain raw materials from Asian sources than from such faraway places as America.

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN

My FRIENDSHIP



with the SOVIET UNION

Alice Widener

ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON in the early spring of 1945 — when many American writers and musicians hoped that budding cultural relations with the people of Soviet Russia would burst into full bloom after the war — my literary agent summoned me to her office in midtown New York City.

"The deal is all set for your going to the Soviet Union," she announced happily. "Here's your official accreditation as foreign correspondent for the *Woman's Home Companion*. And here's the book contract. Now all you need is a passport from the State Department, assurance of transportation from the War Department, and a Soviet visa."

As Alice Berejowsky, Mrs. Widener published *Duet with Nicky* in 1943; in 1945 her radio program, "Women of the World," won national acclaim. She is a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY.

This last could be attended to at the Soviet Consulate right away, I said. At a musicale there, only a week ago, the Consul had praised the introductory material I'd written for a new album of Mussorgsky's opera *Boris Godounov*. He had talked about the importance of music as a means to true international understanding, and told me he was delighted to learn about my proposed trip to his country. Americans, he said, needed to hear first hand reports about the great cultural life which existed in the U.S.S.R. despite wartime conditions.

"I met the Vice Consul, too," I went on. "He's in charge of the visa applications and promised to help me. I'll call his secretary the minute I get home."

Downstairs in the office building lobby, I decided to waste no time and call her from the nearest drug-store telephone booth.

"Hello, Madame," she said. "How are you? What can I do for you?"

In reply to a request for an appointment with the Vice Consul at his earliest convenience, she said "One moment, please" and, after not more than two moments, asked: "How will it do at four-thirty?"

"Fine, thanks. That's wonderful. Four-thirty when?"

"This afternoon — if you can make it."

I glanced at the drugstore clock. The time was four-fifteen.

"Okay," I said, and dashed out to catch a taxi that would take me to East Sixty-first Street in nothing flat.

THE SOVIET CONSULATE was a regal place — the kind of Wall Street imperialist mansion which the Kremlin oligarchy likes to lease abroad as the proper residence for diplomats representing the proletariat.

The secretary was waiting at the door and led me through marble halls to an elevator which took me up to the Vice Consul's office.

It was furnished in twentieth-century Social Change style. A four-foot absolutely square framed photo of Stalin hung over a Louis XVI mantelpiece.

"Ah, Madame!" The Vice Consul beamed at me. "Delighted to see you. What can I do for you?"

Aware that this was wartime and he was very busy, I explained about

the magazine and book contracts and said I hoped to spend three months in his country, reporting from the woman's angle on home life and cultural activities there. My sponsors, I said, believed me especially qualified for the mission because of my ability to speak, read, and write Russian.

"Quite. Exactly," he said. "You know, so many incorrect articles and books have been written by journalists who gain a secondhand impression of our country because they have to rely on interpreters." Even my grammatical mistakes, he assured me, would win me friends and open up the doors of influence in the U.S.S.R.

We both smiled pleasantly at this happy prospect, then I asked if he'd be kind enough to tell me how to go about applying for a visa.

"A visa?" he echoed, and looked up at the ceiling.

I lit a cigarette, took several slow puffs, and said: "Yes, please, a visa."

The Vice Consul came back from ceilingland. "How soon would you like to leave for our country?"

In about six weeks, I replied. "That'll allow plenty of time to get the visa, won't it?"

"Time? Ah, yes. Splendid! The summer months are the best to visit our country. You'll find that even though we are fighting a war, our cultural activities are uninterrupted. Tell me, by the way, have you heard the new Shostakovitch symphony?"

We discussed the symphony and also a new Prokofieff piano sonata which Vladimir Horowitz had played at the Consulate musicale. Then I asked if it would be possible to get started with the visa application right away.

"Application?" He looked a little vague. "Ah, yes, yes!" He gave an order over an inter-office telephone. "My secretary will escort you. So delighted to see you. Please come to see me any time, any time at all."

The secretary took me to a main floor anteroom where a crowd of poorly dressed, sad-faced men and women sat waiting. They looked as if they'd been doing it for a long, long time. I took a seat and reminded myself that patience is a virtue. Before I could powder my nose, my name was called out. A stern-looking young man beckoned to me from a doorway. To my surprise, the waiters showed no resentment at his having ignored the principle of first come, first served.

The young man's office was an almost airless cubbyhole with room only for a small desk and straight chair. He handed me a pen and a sheaf of papers.

During the next hour, I filled in row after row of dotted lines, telling my life history and answering "no" and "no" to the questions: had I ever been in Russia and had I any blood relatives or in-laws there.

The young man stood silent and

rigid at my elbow. When I put down the pen, he told me to come back tomorrow at four-thirty with three passport photos of myself.

NEXT DAY, I was again accorded precedence over a pathetic looking group of waiters. Handing in the photos, I asked when I'd hear about the visa.

"You will be notified as soon as it is granted," he said tonelessly.

"Have you any idea about how soon that'll be?"

"As soon as it is granted."

Ten days later, the State Department notified me that my passport was ready and that when the Russian visa was received, the War Department would make arrangements for my airplane travel.

Next morning, my agent phoned to say she'd brought me a going-away gift — pounds of Kleenex. "I hear you'll need it in Russia," she said. "Speaking of paper, you've got your visa, of course?"

"It's coming any day now," I answered.

The following morning I was a bit less optimistic and called the Vice Consul's secretary to ask if there was any news for me. She said none she knew of, so I asked if I might have an appointment with the Vice Consul.

"Certainly. Come today at four-thirty."

He received me at once and asked what he could do for me.

On hearing of my disquietude, he said: "Oh, you mustn't worry, dear Madame," and looked up at the ceiling.

For a while we sat in silence. Then he said: "Tell me, do you know anyone in Washington?"

I stammered I supposed so.

"I mean anyone at our Embassy."

The First Secretary, I replied, was a guest in the conductor's box at the Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night. "He was very friendly, in fact, charming to me. Do you think it would help matters for me to try to get in touch with him?"

The Vice Consul beamed.

"Thank you," I said, and went home to put through a long distance call to the Soviet Embassy in Washington. After a twenty-minute wait, charged to my phone, First Secretary's voice came cheerfully over the wire: "Ah, Madame, what a pleasure! What can I do for you?"

"It's about a visa to your country," I said and hurriedly outlined the situation. "My sponsors and I would be immensely grateful for your assistance."

"Tell me," he said, "by any chance, do you expect to be in Washington soon?"

I answered I could hop a train.

"Splendid. I'll be delighted to see you. Let us say tomorrow afternoon at four-thirty?"

At precisely that hour — though there was a war on, and the Em-

bassy was not an inactive place — I was ushered into the First Secretary's office. His warm and friendly manner eased my embarrassment at imposing on his valuable time. At his request, I again outlined my situation. When the visa was mentioned, he looked up at the ceiling.

One of his several telephones rang.

He was brief and most efficient. "No. Later. I'm busy." Smiling back at me, he said: "Of course you know that nowadays communications are . . . Oh! Speaking of communications — did you hear the radio broadcast of the new Shostakovich symphony? How do you like it? And did you hear Horowitz play the new Prokofieff sonata at the Consulate in New York?"

I said I'd had the pleasure, and in a burst of chatty friendliness, said: "You know, ten years ago I had the privilege of meeting Prokofieff and his wife several times in Paris. And on their last visit to this country, they dined at our house in New York. I remember his telling us then he'd written a little piece for his two boys. Imagine — it was 'Peter and the Wolf'!" Then I said how eagerly I looked forward to renewing my acquaintance with the Prokofieffs on my forthcoming visit to Russia.

"Ah, yes. He will be delighted. Now if you will write down the name of the magazine and publishers you are to represent, I shall immediately send a cable to Moscow.

Please telephone me in a couple of days."

Heartily, I thanked him.

From Penn Station in New York, I phoned my agent to say that everything was all fixed now . . . two days more and . . .

Over the long distance phone, two days later, the First Secretary didn't even bother with my questions, but confidently instructed me to go at once to see the Vice Consul in New York.

I quickly called the Consulate, was given an appointment for four-thirty that afternoon, of course, and spent the next few hours getting out my luggage and deciding what to take and what to leave behind.

I nearly waltzed into the Vice Consul's office that afternoon, only to stop short in sudden bewilderment. This was a new Vice Consul.

"Delighted to meet you," he said. "My predecessor left yesterday for Moscow. Tell me, dear Madame, what can I do for you?"

I sank into a chair, twisted my tongue into Russian, and recited *da capo*.

"Ah, yes," he smiled when I was through. "I quite understand. You will be notified as soon as the visa is granted. Tell me, where did you learn to speak our language? Our people will give you a warm welcome when they hear an American who . . . Oh, by the way, have you heard the new Shostakovich symphony?"

The new Vice Consul looked up at the ceiling. I opened my purse and snapped it shut.

He stood up. "It has been a pleasure to meet you. Perhaps you will do us the honor of coming to hear Vladimir Horowitz give a first performance of the new Prokofieff piano sonata here at the Consulate next week? Maestro Arturo Toscanini will be our guest, and also Serge Koussevitzky."

I accepted with pleasure and mumbled something about the visa.

"As soon as it is granted, you may rest assured we shall get in touch with you."

While I waited, the summer passed, and World War II came to an end.

IN SEPTEMBER, a friend working on a weekly news magazine, phoned to say: "Hi! Thought you might be interested in an item we have here about Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*. He waited and waited for a Soviet visa until he got the bright idea of cabling Stalin. The visa arrived within forty-eight hours."

In a crisp tone, I said: "So what do you expect me to do — cable Molotov?"

"Why not?" my friend replied brightly, and hung up.

I kept a carbon copy of the cablegram to go in my trip-to-Russia album under the heading: "Message to Molotov."

Six months later, I returned home from a tiring trip to the neighborhood meat market to find a message that the State Department had called, please to get in touch with them at once.

My heart beating fast, I returned the call.

"Madam, we've been holding a passport for you for quite some time. Since last May, in fact. Could you give us any indication of when you intend using it?"

I said I couldn't, but would try to.

Immediately, I dialed a phone number and before anyone answered, opened an engagement pad and scribbled with absolute certainty in the blank space for tomorrow afternoon: Soviet Consulate — 4:30.

A new-new Vice Consul greeted me as I entered the now familiar room.

"Ah, Madame, tell me — what can I do for you?" he said, beaming with friendliness.

In polite but plain English, I said what was what.

He remained silent and looked at the ceiling.

In plain Russian, I let out a swear word.

"Ah, you speak our language! I am delight . . ."

Yes, yes, yes, I broke in, and told him I'd heard the fifth, sixth, and seventh Shostakovich symphonies and the fifth, sixth, and seventh Prokofiev piano sonatas.

"What I haven't heard is a single word about getting a visa to your country. I filled out an application in the early spring of 1945. This is the early spring of 1946."

"But, dear Madame, you will be notified as soon as it is granted. I can assure that the moment . . ."

The moments, the hours, the days, the weeks, and the months flashed before my eyes, as I stared ceilingward.

TWO YEARS after I first applied for a visa to Moscow, I was still sticking close to New York City, waiting. One evening I went to a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. During intermission a friend invited me to her box to meet a guest.

She introduced me grandly to a new-new-new Soviet Vice Consul.

"Ah, Madame, I am delighted to meet you. Tell me, did you hear the new Shostakovich symphony — the eighth? How do you like it?"

I said fine, and we chatted a while. Just before the lights were lowered and the music began, I was seized with an acute attack of intellectual curiosity and asked if sometime I could come to see him at the Consulate.

"But of course," he replied, and nearly pumped my hand off with friendliness. "Please come any time, any time at all. Shall we say tomorrow — at four-thirty?"

WILHELM ROEPKE

Alternative to Serfdom

The Problem of Economic Order

No question on earth is more vital today than the kind of government under which we shall live. Will it assure us freedom, or will it lead us into servitude? Because of the importance of this issue, we are devoting a substantial section of THE MERCURY this month to a detailed discussion of the choices with which we are presented. Dr. Roepke is particularly qualified to conduct this discussion. Born and educated in Germany, he was dismissed from his university post in 1933 because of his liberal and anti-Nazi views and went into political exile. Since 1937 he has been professor of international economics at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva. He is author of the monumental economic and sociological trilogy, The Social Crisis of Our Times, the first two volumes of which have been published in English. The following discussion is condensed from a series of lectures he recently gave at Cairo. — ED.

IF I WERE ASKED to say what appeared to me one of the gravest features of our time I would answer: One of the worst things is that people do not seem to take the time to stop and think and to ask themselves quietly what exactly they are doing. "We must do something, no matter what" seems to be the unspoken motto of our age that prompts people to rush from one thing to another. In this hectic activity, we

are apt to take fiction for reality, to fool ourselves and others with catch phrases and make-believe, to be afraid to be alone with our own mind and to go to the real roots of the matter at hand. Consequently, only very few still have a real philosophy which separates the essential from the accidental and which puts everything in its place. We lose sight of the real ends while becoming entangled in the means.

We do not know any longer what we really want or should reasonably want, or we want at the same time things which are utterly incompatible with each other, like collectivist planning and liberty under the law, federalism and socialism, international integration and national sovereignty enhanced to the nth degree by economic administration centralized in the hands of the government, or like inflation and stability. We advertise grandiose plans, for the realization of which almost all prerequisites are missing and which are already obsolete the moment they are published by the government.

The truth is that, at heart, we feel helpless, but are afraid to admit it. Therefore, we organize committees and subcommittees, rush from one conference to another, and finally pretend to be satisfied with resolutions that have no meaning or are a mere tissue of contradictions, such as the famous Havana Charter of the International Trade Organization. As Aldous Huxley says in his novel *Time Must Have a Stop*: "Ours is the Age, not of any poet or thinker or novelist, but of the Document. Our Representative Man is the traveling newspaper correspondent, who dashes off a best seller between two assignments."

These tendencies are alarming. They had become noticeable already after the first World War, and we are still suffering from their disas-

trous consequences. For a while there was real hope that this dire harvest of unthinking haste and self-deceptive superficiality would awaken people to their responsibility. Today we have to admit that so far we have hoped in vain. We are running after current events, instead of stopping to reach the solid ground of principles and to ask ourselves seriously what might have been the reasons why so much good will, energy, intelligence, time, and money have been wasted or not given the result we had a right to expect.

WHY IS IT that the whole West has become so desperately entangled in problems which seem almost insoluble? I believe one of the principal reasons for this is to be sought in the fact that *we simply fail to solve the most elementary task of any society, which is that of having a workable economic order*. We fail in this task because our mental laziness prevents us from seeing even what it is all about. And because we do not see it, we throw ourselves into the arms of the State, some out of sheer helplessness, others in rapturous enthusiasm. In this way, by leaving to the State the responsibility for something we no longer understand, we tend to end in collectivism and everything that goes with it.

There is no denying the fact that to deal with the problem of economic

order is to tread on very hot ground indeed, where political passions are rife and social disputes are raging. The economist who is bold enough to intrude into this battlefield of present ideologies and social religions must be prepared to be handled rather roughly. What can be done about it and how can the dignity of science be saved under such circumstances?

The first maxim for giving more scientific dignity to our present discussions of the issues of economic policy is to begin always with *ascertaining the common ground* of general aims and ideals. Without this no discussion is possible anywhere. If only we agree on the ultimate ends — on liberty, democratic government, justice, peace, the necessity of protecting the individuals and groups against uncontrolled power, material mass welfare, and so on — it will be possible to reduce our discussion of the issues of economic policy to a debate which is merely one about the best means to achieve those ends.

For the same purpose of reducing as far as possible the ground of combat, it is further necessary to apply a second maxim. It consists in making distinctions where before there was the habit of lumping different things together. I spoke of the ultimate ends and problems. Now, the important thing is to realize that there are, for economic and social reform, quite different

ends and problems and that for these quite different answers must be given.

Consider, in this connection, the case of the ardent socialist. He finds that there is very much wrong with our world, and we all probably agree with him. His enthusiastic conclusion will be that "capitalism" must be replaced by "socialism." But it is safe to say that, in most cases, the socialist will find it very hard to define the one as well as the other. The idea uppermost in his mind will be that now there is "anarchy" and "jungle," and that afterwards there will be order, justice, and planning. His opponent, defending not "capitalism" but the market economy, will explain that both theory and ample experience prove that socialism is most likely to be a bitter disappointment. All the time it is quite probable that they will talk at cross purposes because the socialist has in mind quite different problems to be solved whereas his opponent never meant the market economy to be the answer to all these problems but only to *one* of them, i.e. our special problem of economic order. He will say with Shaw that "no sane person refuses to wear spectacles because they do not cure toothache."

HERE IS perhaps the point where I should say a few words on what could be usefully understood by *socialism*. Properly speaking, of

course, the task of defining it is even more hopeless than that of defining similar terms of our political vocabulary like capitalism, liberalism, or democracy. The word "socialism" has become so much a mere receptacle of vague sentiments, passions, desires, emotions, and ideas that it has lost almost every vestige of ascertainable meaning and therefore almost every value in a scientific discussion. Nevertheless, it may serve a good purpose to do something else and to find out at least the *most important meanings of actual* socialist movements and policies today. In this respect, I think it is possible to distinguish altogether three main meanings of socialism:

(1) Socialism as a policy whose aim it is to bring about a radical change in the *distribution of income and property* by all the means which make up the modern Welfare State, i.e. generally speaking by taking continuously from the ones and giving to the others. Strictly speaking, such a policy can be pushed quite far without changing what we call the economic order, since neither taxes on the one hand nor social services on the other necessarily interfere with the process of the market economy. There is, in other words, nothing in the technique of the welfare state which can be called socialist in the sense of something necessarily opposite to the market economy. The interesting question, however, is whether

this is not again one of the cases where quantity finally changes into quality. We can no longer doubt that once the fiscal system takes more than a certain maximum share of the national income it ceases to be a mere machinery to change the distributional aspect of the market economy. Quite apart from the eventuality that, by price subsidies, modern fiscal policies may entirely falsify the price mechanism, they introduce into the economic system profound changes of various kinds. In the modern welfare state, fiscal policies may indeed be pushed so far that they serve an entirely new ideal which we may call that of the *socialization of consumption*. That is to say: the individual consumer becomes suspect; he is no longer thought fit to decide the use of his income; the government does it for him to an ever larger extent by leaving him the smaller part of his income to be enjoyed within the narrow conditions of some system of "austerity" while using the remainder for the production of collective goods of every description. Fiscal policy becomes almost a new end in itself, and the larger the quota of the national income claimed by the state the better. This ideal of what might be termed *Fiscal Socialism* appears all the more progressive as with increased public budgets there is an increasing scope also for using the fiscal policy, by varying the size and the kinds of

revenues and public expenses, for what is now called "functional finance," i.e. for policies of "full employment." Within this new framework of policies, public finance ceases to be neutral for the simple reason that, beyond a certain point, reached in more and more countries today, the burden of taxation, particularly that of personal direct taxation and of business taxation, will profoundly change the motives and incentives of the economic process. People will act very much differently than before.

But people not only will act differently and make business less rational than before. Their incentives to work or to fulfill their functions in the economic process will be considerably weakened, with the consequence that total production may be most unfavorably affected. Under the crushing burden of taxation as we find it today in so many countries, people will tend to prefer leisure to work, safety to risk, routine to initiative, and consumption to saving.

(2) Socialism as a policy which primarily wants to solve the *problem of industrial property* and of the *position of the worker* as it depends on this property. It seems that, not so long ago, it was possible, at least in a country so little doctrinaire as Great Britain, to pass for a good socialist while championing the solution of this problem of property in our age by the restoration of

private property. That, at least, was the stand taken by the Labor leader Ramsay MacDonald who, in 1924, defined the socialist as the best defender of private property, "since he considered it a good so great that everybody ought to have some." Today, such a socialist belief in private property has become as anachronistic as one in free trade. Not only on the Continent but even more so in Great Britain, the modern socialist recognizes only one solution of the problem of industrial (and even agrarian) property: the change of private into public property by what he calls nationalization.

(3) Socialism as a policy which is not so much concerned with the question as to who owns the means of production, as with the other question of how they should be coordinated in the economic process itself—in other words, with the question of *economic order*. As socialism in the second sense is mainly connected with the name of Karl Marx, socialism in this third sense has been really founded by St. Simon, the spiritual father of planning, "*dirigisme*," and control. Whereas, in the second case, we recognize socialism as nationalization, we encounter it here as planning, centrally administered economy, or *Office Economy* as I like to call it. It is possible to have, up to a point, socialism as nationalization without socialism as planning, just as it is possible to have socialism as plan-

ning without socialism as nationalization. To nationalize this or that industry, though changing industrial ownership, does not necessarily involve a change in the principles of economic order. It is possible that the economic process as a whole will continue to be mainly determined by prices and competition and not by the plans and orders of the government. There are examples of socialist governments, after the first and also after the second World War, which thought that socialism meant primarily nationalization of selected industries. They did not seem even to see that there was, besides, an entirely different and independent problem, i.e. that of economic order as the way of regulating the economic process as such. On the other hand, we have the example of the National Socialist government in Germany, which adopted the most thorough system of Saint-Simonian socialism in the sense of the social technique of planning while leaving the problem of industrial property formally untouched. I say "formally": that is to say that while, in this case, the legal title of property remained intact, its substance was gradually emptied once the private entrepreneur became a mere agent of the omnipotent government.

WHAT WE HAVE IN MIND when speaking of an economic order is precisely the following: For the

social economy as a whole the same problem must be solved which is familiar to every farmer who constantly must decide, carefully and weighing all circumstances, how to use in every detail his soil, his capital, and his labor resources so as to produce the right things in the right proportions. Given at every moment the scarcity of the productive forces, society has to provide an ever changing answer for the ever changing problem: what use shall we make of these scarce resources? Shall we produce this or rather that, and how much of this and how much of that? That sounds very simple, but probably no one but the trained economist can have a fairly appropriate idea of the immense difficulties which this problem involves. He knows that it is not only a question of simple large groups of commodities like food, clothes, or houses, but one of the boundless varieties within these large groups. All these almost innumerable individual commodities and services, among which we have to make our choice continuously, must be there in the right proportions, at the right place and at the right moment if the economic process is to work in a fairly orderly manner. The initiated is equally aware of the fact that all this implies at the same time the momentous decision as to whether we should produce more for current consumption or for the capital equipment of the community, a decision which

means what is technically known as the temporal order of the economic process. The trained economist will also understand at once our hints as to many other choices to be made if there is to be economic order, choices which are as important as they are difficult and which have to be made continuously under continuously changing circumstances.

But order in this sense of the right choice, of proportion and harmony, is not all. Like a watch which contains as its vital parts not only a balance but also a spring, a working economic system not only needs order but also *incentives*. What matters is not only that, at every minute, we produce the right things in the right proportions, at the right moment, at the right place, and with the right technique, but also that all this happens on the level of maximum quantity and quality. This level will be reached and maintained if everybody gives his best, and everybody will give his best if the economic process is provided everywhere with the proper incentives corresponding to human nature as it is. Society must be so arranged that we find it natural to work hard and conscientiously and to live up to our functions as entrepreneur, merchant, farmer, worker, scientist, inventor, or artist the best we can. At the same time we must feel encouraged to think of the future by saving and investing. All this must happen naturally, smoothly, and

spontaneously; for we feel at once that something must be fundamentally wrong in a country where the most natural actions of man like working, caring for his family, saving, creating new things, or raising children must be instigated by propaganda, radio speeches, medals, moralizing, conferring the distinction of "heroes of work," or theatrical performances. It is the most elementary wisdom to put man under conditions which bring out what is best in him and which make him work, save, and invest as natural expressions of his vitality without his being even remotely a saint or a hero. Every economic system which, for its functioning, requires saints or heroes is condemned as utterly unworkable, and only fools and fanatics still refuse to submit to this wisdom which is proved by the experience of all ages. A wise social system is that which releases the full activity of man so natural to him while, at the same time, it curbs his hidden tigerish tendencies which, unfortunately, are no less natural to him.

ORDER AND INCENTIVE — they are the two capital problems which must be solved if we want to have a working economic system, and they must be solved continuously and spontaneously. The problem is solved once we find a *reliable system of regulating and instigating forces*. But where is the solution?

If we examine this question thoroughly and if we take into account only the modern world with its highly developed division of labor and its interdependence of producers, we find that, in the last resort, there are only two solutions: coordination or subordination, liberty or command. *Coordination (liberty)*: that means that kind of economic order which is provided by the market, competition, and the free price and which, in contrast to vulgar misconceptions, is working, in spite of its many weaknesses, with an astonishing degree of exactness and determinateness that is the very opposite of arbitrariness. *Subordination (command)*: that means that kind of economic order where the decisions which I mentioned are reached and enforced by the government. We call the first system the market economy while the second goes under names like Planning, Command Economy, centrally directed economy, or Office Economy. This second system is, to all intents and purposes, also tantamount to what we call Collectivism or Socialism. It goes without saying that people may want collectivism for very different reasons and combine it with quite different social philosophies.

If we use the term "collectivism" or "socialism" in this precise sense of a definite economic order we must admit that National Socialism as well as Bolshevism *are* collectivism

or socialism; they are even specimens which we may call "beautiful" in the callous way in which doctors speak of a "beautiful" cancer. Moreover, we are entitled to say that, so far, National Socialism has been, besides Bolshevism, the only example of a really comprehensive collectivist system working in peacetime for quite a long while.

If we want to find our way in the present confusion, it is of the utmost importance to keep clearly in mind this alternative between two systems of order and incentive. We must assume the habit of thinking in terms of "economic orders" and use this as the criterion whenever people try to enlist our sympathy for all sorts of projects of reform.

IN THIS CONNECTION, there are some special points which need further elucidation:

(1) When the two types of economic order are confronted, there are many people who still seem to work with the idea that the market economy is the synonym of everything which is unplanned, disorderly, disconnected, anarchical, in short, that it is the "jungle" of competition and of unbridled "natural forces," whereas the office economy seems to recommend itself among other things because it makes an end of this mess. Now, it is one of the surest tests of an economic education to know that the price mechanism, far from being "un-

planned" and anarchical, really achieves a system of coordination of economic forces which is remarkable and whose description makes up the major part of traditional economics. In recognizing this working of the price mechanism, there should be no difference between socialists and non-socialists. But that is not all. In reality, there is almost no better way to state the difference between the two economic systems than by saying that the outstanding feature of the market economy is its astonishing precision and the objectively compelling force of the direction which it issues in the shape of prices, whereas it is the office economy which lacks this exactness and this objectively compelling force of its decisions. There is no arguing with a free price, a free stock-exchange quotation, or a free exchange rate. They are the true measure of the scarcities in question relative to the other economic data of the whole economic process at this particular moment. They speak out an objective truth, and as long as there is competition, there is no scope for arbitrariness. They are objective points of reference which can be taken as reliable guideposts for rational decisions, and, as such, are welcome also to the leaders of an office economy whenever they can find such guideposts. Contrariwise, the central authority of the office economy is quite at sea in all its decisions. What is the right value of

timber at this moment, or of any other commodity which corresponds to the whole constellation of economic data? What commodities should be imported and in what quantities? What commodities should be exported and in what quantities? The central authority simply does not know. It guesses or, worse, it reaches snap decisions which are quite arbitrary and which are colored by some subjective idea of the planners. That is to say: the office economy will almost always show a bias toward reaching decisions which favor spectacular construction schemes and other investments while letting the consumer take the consequences in "austerity" and hardships. The office economy tends to become a gigantic machinery for forced saving, but there is no objective way to tell whether this abnormally high rate of investment is "right" or whether the particular kind of investment is fairly well chosen.

(2) A second point is of such importance that it is the real clue to much that will be explained later, that is, the essentially *political character* of the office economy. While the market economy separates the two spheres of economic action and political sovereignty, it is the salient point of the office economy that it merges these two spheres. It means the thorough politicalization of economic life.

(3) It may be objected that it is obviously possible (and certainly

also desirable) to have a sort of *mixed system* where the two types are combined in various manners. That, of course, is a palpable truth, and it would be foolish to deny it. (It is this idea of some desirable mixed system which my friends and I have been developing long since under the name of the "Third Way.") What I mean here, however, is something quite different: that there are two and only two principles of economic order which can be applied in every individual case. In other words: between the free price and the order of the office there is nothing but anarchy. If it is not the price which is coordinating and stimulating the economic process, it must be the order of the office if the problem of coordination and stimulation is to be solved. Either the one or the other, and both exclude each other. That is so important to grasp because otherwise there is no protection against all sorts of confused ideas. Common to all these ideas is the desire to find some principle of economic order which is neither the price nor the order of the office. But whenever we examine such proposals we shall find that their authors failed to understand the logic of the problem of economic order. All of them are motivated by the wish to avoid both the devil of prices and the blue sea of bureaucracy by inventing some sort of what I like to call *Ersatz-Socialism*. Its main varieties are:

(a) The so-called "market socialism," i.e. the idea that the recognized advantages of the price mechanism could be used by the office economy. There are, however, only two possibilities. If prices are genuine and free, the central authority really capitulates to the market. Or if they are not, they are unable to coordinate and to regulate the economic process.

(b) Projects of the type of the Tennessee Valley Authority, often presented as the philosopher's stone in this search for something which is neither market economy nor office economy. As a matter of fact, the T.V.A. may be justly regarded as a bold and constructive piece of regional development or industrial decentralization or anti-monopoly policy, but it is obvious that it is an integral part of the market economy of the United States where the American price mechanism determines what should be produced and how much of it.

(c) *Cooperativism*, i.e. the idea that, by developing consumers' and other cooperatives to the extreme, it should be possible to get some sort of "industrial democracy" superseding the market economy without being an office economy either. Cooperatives, to be sure, are a very valuable form of modern economic organization, but it is impossible to understand how the awkward alternative can be avoided. *Either* the different cooperatives will trade

with each other as independent firms — then there will be some sort of a price system though based on the most baffling combination of monopolies with all its indeterminateness of price formation; or the cooperatives are merged into one gigantic concern — then we have necessarily a centrally directed economy which is compelled to achieve coordination and stimulation by orders instead of free prices and competition.

(d) *Corporativism* or *Syndicalism*, i.e. the idea that a new economic order, being neither market economy nor office economy, can be organized by some sort of industrial self-government based on the co-operation of industrial groups or managed by trade unions or a combination of trade unions and employers. The most recent example of this is the drive in Germany for what is called *Mitbestimmung** by which the trade unions not only want to make the workers responsible and cooperative partners of industry (which is highly desirable), but also aim at a new form of economic order which they call *Wirtschaftsdemokratie* (Economic Democracy).

THE DECISIVE QUESTION before us today is: which of the two possibilities shall we prefer, free

coordination by markets, prices, and competition or compulsory subordination? It now becomes inevitable that the debate implies more and more points where opinions are bound to clash because the ultimate decision must be a political one. We all agree that the experiences made so far with “totalitarian” collectivism are most frightful. Is there not a real danger, therefore, that “democratic” collectivism may also lead to rather the same result if not stopped in time? Is there any guarantee that the same “social technique” may in the end not bring about the same loss of freedom, no matter how respectable the intentions were at the beginning?

More and more economists and sociologists of our time are inclined to give a pessimistic answer to these questions. They say: the tyranny of totalitarian socialism is no mere accident. Totalitarianism and socialism are, in the last resort, only two aspects of the same system which subjects man in all his activities to the omnipotent state with its all-embracing bureaucracy. The totalitarian state must be socialist because it needs a social technique which subjects to the government the whole economic life of the nation. Vice versa, a government which uses this technique, while trying to remain a free democracy, must become totalitarian sooner or later because this technique supposes, with relentless logic, a totalitarian

* In English, co-determination, meaning that the workers participate in the management of the industry.

state with its centralized power and omnipotent bureaucracy.

Are these economists and sociologists right? I am afraid they are. The social technique which we call "socialist" means a comprehensive planned economy (office economy). The economy of what plan? Who is its author? Central planning involves a certain allocation of productive forces, determining what to produce and how much of each product. In the market economy, as we saw, this question is being settled by those whose business it is: the consumers. The process of the market economy is like "a daily plebiscite" on what use should be made at every minute of the productive forces of the community. In this continuous plebiscite, every piece of money is a voting bulletin. The socialist office economy means that this "democracy of the consumers" is abolished (curiously enough, in the name of what many socialists call "economic democracy") and replaced by the allocation of productive forces planned and enforced by the government. The allocation is transferred from the market to the governmental office, and the population must accept that use of the productive forces which the government thinks best.

When we maintain that it will be impossible to preserve, under collectivism, an essentially free society with the rule of law, civic rights and parliamentary control, we really mean that it is extremely unlikely

under normal circumstances. That is, under highly abnormal circumstances, it might be possible to have temporarily a good deal of collectivist planning without totalitarian tyranny. That is the case of war collectivism, and with a temperament like the British it might be feasible to extend such a system far into peacetime without mortal danger to liberal democracy.

Here we come to the momentous problem of "democratic" socialism. It is, of course, an insult to lump together democratic socialists ("Social Democrats" of continental Europe or "Labor Socialists" in England) with National Socialists and Communists. We have no right to doubt the sincere humanitarian and democratic ideals of most democratic socialists and their excellent intentions. But intentions may be quite immaterial for the ultimate outcome. It is quite arguable that the difference between totalitarian and democratic socialism may be merely that between wilful murder (of liberty and civic rights) and homicide by negligence. It is inexcusable to associate democratic socialists with totalitarian murderers. But liberty may be killed just the same, and one must be afraid that, for the victims, there is no appreciable difference.

CLOSELY CONNECTED with the issue of liberty is that of the control of power in society. One of the most

weighty criticisms to be made of our entire economic and social system refers, indeed, to the disquieting concentration of economic and social power in the form of monopoly, privileges, giant corporations, pressure groups, monster associations, including the trade unions, and other organizations. Almost everywhere, modern development favors an excessive accumulation of power of men over men, and since it is in the very nature of power to be abused — “Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely” (Lord Acton) — the problem of how to control such excess of power is one of the most important of our society. To the socialist the idea suggests itself to solve this problem by abolishing the system (“capitalism”) in the midst of which the concentration of power developed and which — very unjustly — is made responsible for it. That, however, is a tragic mistake because, in this way, we are bound to make things immeasurably worse. There is no getting away from the fact that collectivism involves the maximum centralization of the economic process in the hands of the government and the entire politicalization of economic life, together with the corresponding immense increase of the concentration of power.

If the problem of our time is “concentration,” collectivism means that we want to cure it by hyperconcentration. At present, monop-

oly is bad enough. But present monopolies under “capitalism” are scattered, limited, and largely balancing each other, always subject to the constant pressure of potential competition, suspiciously watched by public opinion, and confined to the strictly economic sphere. Collectivism, however, would mean that we get one big and all-comprising monopoly of the state. This colossal monopoly of the collectivist state would not only be incomparably bigger than the most frightful private monopoly but it would also represent something entirely different, because it would be no longer confined to the economic sphere. This colossal monopolist would be at the same time the absolute master of our entire life. Collectivism promises to achieve a *Super-Monopoly* which would be the “perfect monopoly” of the theoretical models of economic science, but at the same time it would bless us with a *Total-Monopoly* from which there is no escape.

We heartily agree with the socialists in seeing in the concentration of power and in monopoly one of the capital problems of our age. But socialism offers not only no solution to the problem, but promises a state of things which would make it immensely worse. One cannot cure the evil of concentration by more concentration. The only cure is *decentralization* of which the restoration of an essentially competitive

market economy is one of the most important aspects.

That is also the reason why "*socialization*" is no solution of the problem of big industrial property and its corresponding concentration of power. Here the same reasoning holds true: it is absurd to solve the problem of concentration by hyper-concentration. By concentrating industrial property in the hands of a new owner, the State — that is what "*socialization*" means — we only carry the process of concentration of property to its ultimate end. And what makes this even more absurd is the fact that this new owner is at the same time our political sovereign. He is identical with the government, the administration, the law courts, the police, the army. Neither will a solution of the *human* problem of the big factory and of industrial property be found on this road of "*socialization*." How to persuade the British coal miner that he "owns" the coal mines or the railway clerk that he "owns" the railways? How far does "*socialization*" mean any change for them? They will feel themselves even more than before mere cogs in the wheels of big industry, and the more the government becomes the sole owner of the means of production the more the worker will be deprived even of the important possibility of choosing among several employers. By voting for socialism, he will have enslaved himself to an anonymous and all-

powerful bureaucracy. On the other hand, we have to remember that, as far as the human problem of property is concerned, the biggest public park is a poor substitute for the smallest private garden.

OUR THIRD CONCERN, after liberty and control of power, is economic efficiency. It is a scientifically established fact that the market economy ("*capitalism*" in popular phraseology) has proved to be a highly efficient system of order and incentives, and no less a man than Karl Marx has told us in dithyrambic terms in his "*Communist Manifesto*" how great this efficiency is. Can the office economy provide a system of order and incentives which is at least of equal economic efficiency? There were always strong reasons why this question should be answered in the negative, and the evidence of recent experience seems to affirm this view.

Those reasons have been for the most part already explained when we compared the two types of economic order. There are two principal points. First: how should it be possible to solve, in every detail, the gigantic problem of directing the economic process of a modern industrial nation according to a pre-conceived plan? Second: how is the office economy to find working substitutes for the intellectual and moral incentives of the market economy?

As a matter of fact, collectivism

will be largely deprived of precisely those incentives which, in the average, are the most powerful, i.e. those arising from the desire of man to improve his own economic position and that of his family. Given the dangerous but most efficient natural force of individualism, how is it possible to harness this torrent of self-interest and to conduct it over the turbines of production? The market economy shows how it can be done. By frankly appealing to private initiative, it makes individual success dependent on a corresponding productive performance, provided that markets are competitive. It is the enormous drawback of the office economy, on the other hand, that instead of harnessing this force and using it, it has to fight against it and to replace the natural incentives of the market economy by fear, artificial emulation, hysteria, and propaganda. Whenever a government turns to the office economy it enters a struggle against human nature which, except in wartime with its feverish patriotism, will bog down the economic process in red tape, police measures, and controls, and compel the government to use all its power to enforce its orders. But there will always be the "legal country" of the official plans and the "real country" of black markets and passive resistance.

What may be the ultimate consequences of collectivism has been

shown, in the most impressive way, by the example of Germany where this policy was pursued for more than ten years until the reform of the summer of 1948 restored, in large parts of the German economy, the market economy, with the astounding results which are generally known.* Everybody should study, very carefully and with an open mind, this German experience in order to understand the process which slowly but inevitably dissolves and paralyzes the national economy wherever the German example of planning, collectivism, and "repressed inflation" has been followed.

The story of German collectivism is that of the prolonged and obstinate attempt of the government to take care of the economic functions which prices, costs, and exchange rates can no longer perform once they are prevented by the government from following the laws of supply and demand. With relentless logic, the German experience has established the proof that, in the long run, this attempt is bound to fail, because the task is impossible. Sooner or later, all values become wrong because they no longer register relative scarcity as they must if there is to be order. Consequently, there is disorder, arbitrariness, and waste on an appalling scale. At the same time,

* See "The Miracle of German Recovery," by Max Eastman, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, February, 1952.

the incentives to work, to save, to invest, and to show initiative are progressively destroyed. Too little is produced, and this little is largely not what should be reasonably produced or at least not in these quantities, and this little which is being *produced* in the wrong way is, to a large extent, also being *used* in the wrong way. In the end, there is chaos, paralysis, and controlled misery insufficiently camouflaged by misleading production statistics. In Germany, this collectivist system has broken down completely amidst absurdities to which only the pen of a Swift could have done justice. Germany has thus become the principal country where no serious and honest observer can hold the view that bureaucracy is a better planner than the market. Here only the wilfully blind can deny that the government is not only a complete failure as a planner but also incapable of replacing the incentives of the market economy, unless it is prepared to follow the example of totalitarianism which shows that fear and hysteria, for some time and to some extent, might be used as substitutes for the incentives of the free man.

AFTER CONSIDERING the problem of the two types of economic order under the various aspects of liberty, dispersal of social power, and efficiency, we arrive finally at the issue of international integration

which, curiously enough, is both the least explored and yet as important as any. If the collectivist order is not compatible with liberty, if it leads to an intolerable concentration of power, and if it is sadly lacking in efficiency — is it an agent of international integration or disintegration?

It is both obvious and proved by all experience that a collectivist system which, even mildly and incompletely, is organized on a national scale and within the borders of a single national state, must inevitably lead to international economic disintegration in the strictly technical sense of the dissolution of international economic order by inconvertibility of currencies and bilateralism. National collectivism makes it indispensable to supplement the internal system of planning by all those well-known measures of external control which culminate in *exchange control*. Exchange control is not a sufficient but a necessary condition of collectivism; it is its real keystone without which the whole structure is bound to collapse. There is no measure, however, which interferes more radically with international economic integration than exchange control. It is the real Pandora's box from which come all the calamities of international economic disorder of today.

No doubt exists that national collectivism (in all its grades and varieties) has had a disruptive effect on

international trade, and nowhere is its effect more devastating than in Europe. As far as I see, few socialists still deny that collectivism as carried through on the national scale has led us into an impasse. Where is the way out?

There are only two possibilities. Either we overcome national collectivism by organizing collectivism on an international scale — or we restore the market economy.

Now the important point is that international collectivism is neither practicable nor desirable. To understand this we must first remember that to replace the market economy and the price mechanism by planning means to make the economic process government-controlled like the army. It involves the thorough “politicalization” of economic life which now becomes entirely dependent on the administration which gives its orders and enforces them by its penal sanctions. International collectivism (planning), therefore, supposes an international State equipped with all the prerogatives and sovereign powers of the national States which it supersedes. To merge national systems of planning is to merge the governments on which they were depending into an international super-State.

European economic integration — to take the most important example — by the collectivist method of planning, therefore, requires a real European government which does

with the Europeans, whatever their nationality, exactly what the national planning administrations have been doing so far with their respective subjects. To visualize such a political union would be difficult at any time. What makes this prospect a visionary one in our case, however, is the very fact that this super-State would be equipped with the same degree of power and the centralization which a planned economic system requires. It is, to say the least, most unlikely that, short of impending or actual war, such a State will ever come into existence as a voluntary act of free nations.

That this reasoning is correct is implicitly admitted by all socialists who champion a European Federation as the only feasible form of European government. At the same time, they cannot be unaware of the fact (which is obvious, at least, to most subjects of the Swiss Federation) that collectivist planning and federalism are incompatible with each other. We conclude then: the very fact which would make a European super-State strictly necessary — a policy of international planning — makes it nothing short of chimerical. That is what the Marshall Plan administration found out by experiment, and it would be easy to show that the never ending difficulties of Benelux tell very much the same story.

But even if the task were less impracticable we should realize that

the collectivist method of bringing about the economic integration of (let us say) Europe would not be desirable. Besides the general inconveniences of collectivism, we must realize that collectivist integration of Europe would be entirely different from liberal integration, because it would be bought at the cost of less integration with the rest of the world. It is only logical to expect that all the consequences of national collectivism — isolation, dislocation of trade channels, autarkic tendencies, disequilibrium, disorder of international payments — would reappear then in the relations between Europe and the rest of the world. If there is general agreement that national planning causes the gravest disturbances of international trade and international payments, Continental planning would mean that those disturbances would only be repeated on a broader geographical scale.

There is, then, no getting away from the fact that the impasse brought about by national collectivism with its waste, autarky, and international disintegration cannot be overcome by making collectivism international. There only remains, therefore, the other course, which means to dismantle the national systems of planning, autarky, and inflationary pressure and to restore, in their essentials, the market economy and its price mechanism, nationally as well as internationally.

Although the final decision as to which of the two rival systems of economic order we choose will be a political one, the foregoing analysis has at least the merit of enabling us to make this choice as rationally as possible and to see clearly what is involved. But, for this final judgment, a vital element would be lacking without a full discussion also of the imperfections of the market economy itself and the possibilities to correct them within the framework of this system.

This question of the reform of the market economy is the subject of a vast and wide-ranging discussion which has developed during the last twenty years among economists and sociologists of various countries, and this discussion still goes on. The aim of these endeavors is to elaborate a well-balanced and undogmatic but humane program of economic and social reform which reconciles the immense advantages of the free market economy with the claims of social justice, stability, dispersal of power, fairness and the conditions of life and work which are proper to Man. In the course of this discussion, the old controversy between socialism and capitalism has lost most of its meaning. The real issue now is whether it may be possible to preserve (or to restore) a society of free men by developing, in the West, a working type of the market economy which is acceptable and politically possible because it gives

a fairly satisfactory answer to the challenging problem of the fate of man in our proletarianized, urbanized, industrialized and highly centralized society. It is this vast program which my friends and I mean when we speak of the "Third Way."

It is a desperate task which summons all the intelligence, human understanding, good will and energy available in the present world. If we fail in this, I see no escape from collectivism and tyranny. For this is the real alternative to serfdom.

Marx and Human Nature

» A return to common sense about mankind is the simplest, and also the profoundest, way of recovering from the delusion of socialism. For a false and foolish concept of human nature lies at the very bottom of the whole bubble-castle of socialist theory. Although few seem to realize it, Marxism rests on the romantic notion of Rousseau that nature endows men with the qualities necessary to a free, equal, fraternal, family-like living together, and our sole problem is to fix up the external conditions. All Marx did about this with his dialectic philosophy was to change the tenses in the romance: Nature *will* endow men with these qualities *as soon as* the conditions are fixed up. Because of his stress upon economic conditions, Marx is commonly credited with the cynical opinion that economic self-interest is dominant in human nature. Marx was the opposite of a cynic about human nature. He believed that human nature is a *function* of the economic conditions, completely variable and capable of operating, once these conditions are "ripe," on the divinely rational and benign principle: "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." It is to protect this unlimited variability of human nature required by the Marxian philosophy that the Soviet government has had to stamp out the true science of genetics. Any doubt as to the heredity of acquired characteristics destroys the whole myth about how economic evolution will bring us to the millennium. While Stalin is dealing death to the science, we might at least venture to set aside the myth.

MAX EASTMAN, *in an article in THE NEW LEADER, May 19, 1952.*



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

Visiting Professor

Simon Wincelberg

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE I think I first began to appreciate what I had missed by not going to college. A Pfc. whose last classification had been that of "Scout & Observer" with an infantry battalion on Okinawa, I now held the position of English Professor at the Medical College of Niigata, Japan.

The time was October, 1945, the second month of the Occupation, and the man largely responsible for my surprising elevation was a young Japanese newspaperman known to us as Mike.

On the basis of a negligible, and since happily abandoned, aptitude for drawing gag cartoons, I had recently been transferred to the Public Relations Section of Division Headquarters, which had just taken over the modernistic City Hall of Niigata,

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a handsome and undamaged city of some 400,000 population.

One morning, as we came to unlock the Public Relations office, there was a smiling young Japanese civilian awaiting us, erect and formal in a tight black suit, his elbow clamped around a German-style brief case.

We glowered at him shyly, since we were not accustomed as a rule to deal with clients face to face, and he, a little defensively, pointed to his white armband, on which, above some words in Japanese, printed untidily, was one large-lettered word in English: PRESS.

He introduced himself, saying that his paper, the *Niigata Nippo*, had assigned him to us, and that we were to give him news each day about the American troops in Niigata.

We were delighted, of course, fully conscious of the responsibility we bore toward our country in the

eyes of Japanese public opinion. Until Mike began helpfully to supply us with translations of his work. After that, our enthusiasm began to wane. We were, I suppose, still full of idealistic prejudices about the compatibility of journalism with light fiction.

I've kept a clipping of one of Mike's feature stories, because I was in the picture it accompanied. It was entitled "The Sunshine of Peace," and here is Mike's translation of what it said:

"In the afternoon of a clear autumn day, two or three American soldiers were playing with the Japanese children at the Hakusan Park, being on a swing.

"'Herro,' the soldiers said. Then, the children answered with a smile. The soldier took out the *chocoret* from his pocket, and gave them, saying: 'Baby, Ikutsu (How old are you)? Dozo (Please).'

"The children answered 'Thank you' (in English) with a shamed face.

"The children's faces are as bright as today's sunshine.

"This photograph means that the Japanese are on the way of constructing the Japan of Peace. Being free from the bonds of War."

By "two or three American soldiers" Mike meant that there had been three soldiers in the picture, but only two appeared in the engraving. The fearfulness of the kids, whom the photographer's assistant

had to bawl out horribly before they would pose with us, was matched only by the mistrust with which the local Red Cross man regarded our request for a special issue of Hershey bars.

ONE DAY, Mike took me aside mysteriously and said that he had a job for me. How would I like to be Professor of English at the Medical College of Niigata? I told him I would like it fine. He said okay, the job was mine.

His publisher, it appeared, with the approval of our General, was going to sponsor a course in "American Conversation," which was to be given in simple English to about one hundred of the most prominent people of the city, as selected by the *Nippo*.

My sole qualification for the job, so far as I could see, was a slow and coherent drawl I had acquired during basic training in Alabama, when I was eighteen and hugely impressionable. Mike, at any rate, always understood me more easily than anyone else. I could afford to talk slowly. I didn't have much to do around the office anyway.

However, nothing more was said about my professorship for nearly two weeks, and I, of course, felt that it would be presumptuous of me to remind him. Then, one day, he told me to be ready next afternoon at three. He would take me to my class.

The course, I learned on the way over, was to be given each afternoon from three to four, in the operating theater of the Medical College.

My entrance into the classroom was accompanied by a sharp military command from someone up front which brought the class exploding to its feet and bowing in my direction. I made a few ineffectual gestures to indicate that this was quite unnecessary in my case, but finally had to bow back. This set off another military bark, and my pupils were allowed to subside into their seats.

I mounted a low platform, and from behind a wooden dissecting table stained a rather eerie color looked up into the tiers at the first adult audience I had ever faced.

I told them my name, wrote it on the blackboard in large block letters, then turned around, pointed a thumb at my chest, and said, "That's me." I was grimly determined to be very human and informal. I asked if there was anything in particular they would like me to talk about. Evidently, there was not. I was prepared for this, however. I began to tell them, in the measured manner of a bedtime story, how I myself had once faced the identical problem they did now. Learning English. That my family and I, for reasons too depressing to recount, had come to America from Germany no more than seven years ago.

Then I asked, "Are. There. Any. Questions?"

There was one, in rather fluent English. "I would like to know the ranks in American army, please."

I filled the blackboard with diagrams, and pointed to the similarity between one of them and the solitary stripe on both my sleeves. There were some puzzled murmurs.

I looked helplessly at the front row, where Mike had been abstractedly taking notes, and he leaped up at once, climbed the platform, curled his hand around his mouth, and whispered, "They are angry, I think. You are not officer, perhaps. Captain or major."

It sounded fair enough. After the build-up the *Nippo* had given this course, and the care and snobbery with which the pupils had been chosen, one could hardly blame them for feeling a little dubious at being given into the charge of a twenty-one-year-old ex-German, who was, on top of everything, no more than a step from the very lowest rank the United States Army had within its power to confer.

FOR A MOMENT, I had the feeling the prestige of the Occupation could well have been in better hands. Then, slowly, patiently, perhaps just a little querulously, I explained that while America was, just like I said, a land of fabulous and limitless opportunities for people of many origins, it just so happened that in our army some very important and highly educated people often remained pri-

vates for a wide variety of excellent reasons.

I managed to get through the rest of the period decently enough, and without any further challenges to my authority, using a number of timid and tentative questions from a few of my more outspoken pupils as springboards for brief but definitive lectures on such subjects as equal rights for women, post-Impressionist painting, the reason American soldiers were so much better behaved than had been feared, American films, and the meaning of "It's toasted," which a medical student reported having seen inscribed somewhere, he didn't remember where, but perhaps it was on a pack of cigarettes.

That last question led me into a stern, though not personal, discussion of the evils of the black market, and, before I knew it, it was time for the dismissal bow. As far as I could tell, my rank had been happily forgotten.

During my second week, I began to experiment with assigning homework. I asked for a letter to a friend on "How I Feel About the Americans in Niigata." The results are among my most treasured souvenirs of the Occupation.

One young woman wrote: "We all at first were very afraid of the American troops coming into this city. We believed that they had fought many hard battles, and were furiously angry with us. . . . But

our feelings towards them have changed. They were not cruel to us, but spoke to us as if we were friends from long ago."

A merchant explained: "The Japanese government tried hard to excite a hostile feeling against Americans, neglecting the common humanity (for example, one Japanese woman saw American captives, and said, 'Oh, very pretty,' and a Japanese soldier nearby scolded her), and forgetting that human being are always human being."

From a doctor: "I fear that we Japanese seem to them too timid and gloomy and melancholic. I think this character of ours is the result to have been deeply influenced by Buddhism and Confucianism. We were originally not so, as our mythology shows. To live friendly with them, we must become more cheerful and lively, we must go back into the innocence of our myth period. Then we can make a new and brilliant world together with them!"

ONE AFTERNOON, Mike brought a photographer to class, and our picture appeared in the October 28 issue of the *Niigata Nippo*, where the caption, among other things, confided that "when the lessons come about New York, Mr. Shimon, who did borne there, says, 'Ah, I hope to be there, my heart it is torne,' innocently. And all, teacher and students, burst out laughing. Such scene can be said piece of pic-

ture which represents the relationship between America and Japan.”

Mike’s journalism rarely allowed itself to be obscured by facts.

By this time, I was beginning to go around with the impression that I was probably the only soldier in the whole city doing anything constructive for the Occupation. Among the more overt ways in which I made this felt was by showing up at the Public Relations office less and less frequently, and when I did, adopting a rather preoccupied air toward our new Lieutenant, a recent arrival from Ohio, who, for a while, had been delightfully abject about not having seen any combat, and properly respectful toward those of us who had.

It didn’t take the Lieutenant too long, though, to come to the conclusion that once having traded a few shots with the manhood of this shy and docile nation did not indefinitely entitle us to the privileges and irresponsibilities of the shell-shocked.

And one afternoon it was my turn. The Lieutenant had decided he had had just about all the aloofness out of me that he was going to stand for.

The time for my lecture came and went, while I sat in the P.R. office thinking bitter thoughts about the meaning of Public Relations, and glaring at the Lieutenant, who was composing a long letter to his wife in Youngstown, and doing his best to ignore me, which is not easy.

For several days thereafter, I expected momentarily to be summoned to the General’s office, to face the righteous indignation of Mike’s publisher (notifying him via the Japanese telephone system was too complicated even to think about), and then gently and vindictively to point out to the General that I had merely been obeying my new Lieutenant’s orders.

BUT MIKE’S BOSS, perhaps not quite unfamiliar with the fleeting character of military benevolence, quietly got himself another teacher — a personnel clerk with Sunday school experience and a voice like the other end of a long distance call.

The course in “American Conversation” faltered on for another week or so, and then swiftly disintegrated. It would be untruthful to say that I did not feel somewhat flattered by this tribute to my indispensability.

Mike’s visits to our office ceased at about the same time. He had managed so thoroughly to saturate the market for news about the Americans that his paper had found it necessary to shift him to whatever on a Japanese newspaper constitutes a routine assignment.

But one afternoon, late in November, he dropped in, wearing his old smile of Buddha-like serenity, and brought me the pleasant and surprising news that I had three hundred yen coming to me in back salary. He asked me if I wanted it

in cash, in the form of a souvenir, or some other way.

"What sort of other way?"

Mike claimed not to know.

"What kind of a souvenir?"

That would be up to the generosity of his publisher.

"I guess cash will be fine," I said.

Mike returned the following week and handed me a sealed envelope containing three one-hundred-yen bills and a typewritten note that read: "Our chief editor is very glad to have the honor to eat and drink with you. Therefore please meet us Sunday at half-past five." It was to be, Mike said, a party in honor of the "English Professors."

I ASKED MIKE how come I was just now being invited. The Personnel Clerk, I happened to know, had gotten his invitation to the same party a week ago. He had also gotten a heavy black silk kimono with his name — I suspect, it was actually *my* name — on it in Japanese.

Mike said his boss had thought I was angry with him.

"Why should I be angry?"

Perhaps, because I did not come to class any more.

"Well, if he thought I was angry, what made him change his mind?"

He said, well, if I would promise not to tell, what really happened was that a man came to his publisher last week and said that I had no respect for Japanese tradition, for culture, for bowing (which I had

partially abolished), or for the proper treatment of the woman, and perhaps my influence had been harmful.

"So why is he inviting me now?" I asked, without a trace of a drawl.

His boss, Mike said, had decided that perhaps I was *not* a harmful influence.

"It's not that I'm angry or anything," I said, and I could not help thinking how ridiculous the Personnel Clerk would look in a black kimono. The bastard, he'd probably *sell* it. "But do you mind if I don't come to this party?"

"Oh, yes. You must come. My publisher wishes it."

"Sure," the Lieutenant suddenly said over my shoulder. He'd broken out in a rash of good-fellowship lately. "I'll give you a photographer along. We'll do one of those 'Life Goes to a Party' things."

"Yes, sir," I said. Mike went away.

I knew the Lieutenant would expect me to remind him about the photographer. Few of us ever passed up a chance to get our picture taken.

I didn't remind him, though. I didn't even remind myself. Late Sunday afternoon, Mike waylaid me on my way to the mess hall. He came straight to the point. He said if I did not come to the banquet, his boss would suspect he had not given me the money.

I put away my mess gear and

went along with him, maintaining a sulkily silence all the way to the restaurant.

The Personnel Clerk was already seated in the place of honor by the time Mike and I got there. He looked pink and important and well combed. I was placed on a pillow beside him. We both seemed a little embarrassed by each other's presence.

I don't remember much about the party itself, because I felt uncomfortable and drank more saki than I should have, and soon had a hard time keeping my eyes open.

There were some brief and, it seemed to me, rather perfunctory speeches, both in Japanese and English, and the P.C. and I were each presented with a water-color painting of a flower.

Carried away by the occasion, or

maybe trying to offset my own obvious lack of participation, the P.C. rose unbidden and delivered a lengthy and halting address which struck me hazily as an apology in the name of himself and MacArthur for having bombed Japan.

In the discreet salvo of applause that followed his speech, the P.C. lost his grip completely. He fumbled in his pockets till he had brought forth a Tropical Hershey bar, ceremoniously handed it across the table to the publisher of the *Nippo*, and said he hoped the others would forgive him for not having thought of bringing more Hershey bars, so he could have given them some, too.

Mike sat across from me. Now and then he looked up from his tray with a drunken and unsteady smile of triumph.

Japan and the Occupation

» The Japanese, of every degree, have responded [to the American Occupation] by a unanimous diligence, and their swift though still incomplete reconstruction is the best testimonial to their conquerors and benefactors. They are not people who could endure to remain indefinitely as recipients of a charity. . . .

For some time the Japanese have been prepared to emerge from the shelter of the Occupation and to prove that they did not behave during its years with such order and calm for the sake of prompt material comforts but because they accepted the vision of a new era.

EDMUND BLUNDEN, in an article in *WORLD REVIEW*, February, 1952.

Is the answer to the poverty and hunger
of the world's underdeveloped areas . . .

Farms or Factories?

Maurice J. Goldbloom

ONE of the most striking facts in the world today is the fantastic difference which exists between the standards of living of different parts of the world. Thus, the City of New York and the Kingdom of Greece have almost equal populations. But the *municipal budget* of New York is more than half again as great as the *national income* of Greece! And the average man in Greece is still much better off than hundreds of millions of people in countries such as India and Egypt.

This difference is one of the principal weapons of world Communism; this makes it urgent, as simple humanity makes it desirable in any

case, to raise the standard of living of the poorer peoples of the earth as rapidly as possible.

The usual prescription offered for this sounds very simple indeed. Economists—who in this respect are very much like other people—have noticed that the countries with high standards of living are for the most part countries which have attained a high level of industrial development, while the poor countries of the world have very little industry. The standard of living of the countries of Western Europe and the United States has risen greatly in the past century and a half, the period of their great industrial expansion. In the same period the standard of living of the mass of the people of Asia has changed very little, and is indeed not much higher than it was a thousand years ago.

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From this it has been customary to draw the conclusion that if only the poorer parts of the world industrialize, all will be well, and their standard of living will rise by leaps and bounds till it reaches that of Western Europe, if not of the United States. This is a comforting belief, because if machines are the answer, American industry can supply them. Unfortunately, however, there is good reason to believe that the answer is in fact not so simple, and that for a major part of the world no pot of gold is to be found at the end of the assembly line.

For the observation on which this theory is based is only partly true, and the conclusion does not follow from the facts. The countries with the highest standards of living in the world today are actually countries with large agricultural surpluses — not only the United States, but Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. All have a great wealth of agricultural land, and all are far ahead of such countries as England and Germany in their standards of living.

The United States and Canada are of course great industrial powers, and much of their wealth derives from industry. Yet even when England was the workshop of the world and the United States an industrial neophyte, the average man in this country lived much better than his fellow in England. Visitors from

Europe in the early nineteenth century were always struck by the relative prosperity of the ordinary people of America — the eagerness with which those who could emigrate from the Old World to the New did so bears ample witness to this fact.

The countries with the lowest standards of living, on the other hand, are all countries whose food supply is inadequate for their populations. In Greece, a diet of about 2,200 calories a day is maintained only by importing a third of the country's food. In India, the average diet is 1,600 calories a day — in good times. And even to supply this, India has to import millions of tons of grain. Nor is the poverty of the average diet in these countries to be expressed only in terms of calories. Such items as milk and meat seldom find their way to the average man's table. A given plot of land will furnish from four to twenty times as much human nourishment in the form of grain as it will support in the form of animals; countries which are unable to feed their people even with grain have no surplus land available for the production of meat.

THUS THE BASIC PROBLEM which must be solved if the standards of the world's peoples are to be leveled up is that of malnutrition. And this is not a problem which can be solved by industrialization. The growth of great industrial cities

may indeed aggravate it, for the populations of these cities must be fed. The food for them must either be collected from the already undernourished peasants, or imported. But the peasant is usually unwilling to exchange his food for the products of the cities until he himself has enough to eat. Therefore, in food shortage areas, it is always necessary to have some way of forcing the peasant to part with his crops. This is accomplished in some societies by landlordism or heavy taxation, which takes a part of the crop whether the peasant likes it or not. This is then exchanged by the landlord or the government for industrial products—little of which, of course, ever gets to the peasant.

Such a situation plays into the hands of the Communists, and affords them the opportunity to win peasant support by agitating for land reform. But the first consequence of land reform is to increase the peasant's food consumption, and this means that the cities starve. This was what happened in Russia, and was probably more responsible than anything in Communist theory for the forced collectivization which was subsequently carried out. For the economic function of the collective farm is the same as that of the great estate of Czarist days; it forces the peasant to eat less, so that there may be a grain surplus available for other purposes. And what is true in Russia, where land is relatively plen-

tiful, is of course all the truer in countries where there is not enough agricultural land to feed the population.

Industrial development, except in certain limited fields, does not add to the food supply of a country. True, fertilizer factories make it possible to increase agricultural production, and are therefore an important contribution to the solution of the basic problem. But other types of factories sometimes even increase the difficulty. The establishment of a textile industry makes it profitable to divert land from food to cotton and other textile raw materials. People may be better clothed as a result—usually it is only a rather small minority who are, at least initially—but at the cost of a reduction in the available food supply. A steel industry established in a country which has to import the raw materials for it, as well as the machinery, may prove to be a net drain on the economy; that is, the country may find that it is costing it much more to make the steel than it would to buy it.

Of course, those who believe industrialization will solve the problem of a low standard of living hold that when a country has established new industries, their products can be exchanged with other countries for the necessary food and raw materials. The principal trouble with this idea is that quite a lot of countries have thought of it by now.

In the period before 1875, there was an apparently insatiable demand for industrial products, and England — then the only highly industrialized country in the world — had no trouble at all in obtaining all the raw materials and food she wanted on very favorable terms. Indeed, the relation between the prices of raw materials and the prices of manufactured goods was such — and the wages of British labor were so low — that Britain acquired huge capital assets abroad in exchange for her surplus manufactures. But toward the end of the nineteenth century other countries began to follow the British example. The United States, as well as Germany and other areas of Western Europe, industrialized rapidly. Japan followed shortly thereafter, and at least some degree of industrialization began to occur in most parts of the world.

THIS DEVELOPMENT had several effects. The increased production of industrial goods resulted in an intense competition for markets, and it was frequently impossible for an industrial nation to find an outlet for all its manufactures. At the same time, the new factories needed raw materials, and the increased urban population needed food. As a result, a gradual shift in the relative prices of raw materials and manufactured goods set in. England, inferior in natural resources to her principal competitors, began to lose

the advantage she had gained by being first in the field. Indeed, for the last forty years Britain's exports have been insufficient to pay for her imports. Until World War II she made up the difference by services such as shipping, banking, and insurance; by the income from investments abroad which had been purchased with her nineteenth-century profits; and to some extent by the sale of her foreign assets. But in World War II she was forced to liquidate most of her remaining foreign investments in order to meet the expenses of the war.

As a result, Great Britain is today in an extremely precarious economic position — a fact which is proclaimed in the headlines every day. Despite a considerable increase in exports and industrial production, she is faced with a heavy trade deficit. And the sources on which she used to rely to make up for it have either disappeared or greatly declined. Germany and Japan, the two other great industrial nations whose position is most like that of Britain, have likewise been unable to export enough to pay for their imports in the postwar period. All three have been dependent on American aid. Yet the demand for industrial goods has been greater in a world starved of them through a five-year war in which the industrial powers were concentrating on destroying rather than producing, than it is likely to be in the near

future — at least as long as we remain at peace. The markets for industrial exports are contracting, and the quantity of industrial goods needed to pay for a given amount of food and raw materials is increasing.

IT IS CLEAR, therefore, that new industries in hitherto unindustrialized countries will be entering into competition in an already overcrowded world market. If they are to stand any chance at all, they must be based on cheap local raw materials. And they will be at a great disadvantage if they do not start with a sufficiently broad local market to make it possible for them to produce on a scale large enough for maximum efficiency. This, of course, varies from industry to industry. Thus it is estimated that an efficiently diversified steel industry must have a capacity of at least two million tons a year. A single steel plant should, for maximum efficiency, be capable of producing over half a million tons. On the other hand, some consumer goods industries, where capital costs are relatively small and technology is relatively simple, can operate efficiently on a much smaller scale. Yet for reasons of prestige, and because steel is thought of as the symbol of power, underdeveloped countries only too often try to start their programs of industrialization by building steel plants. Thus Greece — a country

with only a very small domestic market for steel, no coal, and a general shortage of power and water, both of which are important in steel production — tried to persuade ECA to finance a steel industry for it. ECA refused on the ground that a Greek steel industry would be a permanent drag on the country's standard of living because of its high cost of operation.

Yet the Greeks cannot be blamed too much for their disappointment at our refusal, since ECA money was used in some other European countries for steel plants only a little less uneconomic. Of course, there are underdeveloped countries in which natural resources and other circumstances do make at least some steel production desirable. India has all the raw materials for a steel industry; transportation costs from European steel centers are high, and the Indian domestic market — even on a basis of a low standard of living — can absorb a sufficient quantity of steel to make an efficient industry possible. The modest expansion of India's steel capacity which her present program envisages would appear to have ample economic justification. Yet even in India, as her government wisely recognizes, steel is not the first priority.

Indeed, one of the most encouraging factors is that there is an increasing awareness in the countries affected — if not always among economists here — that agricultural

development is far more important than industrial development to their welfare, and that those industries are most desirable which can be of direct service to agriculture, or which can produce essential goods for the home market. Thus India is currently concentrating her greatest effort on such projects as land reclamation and development of hydro-electric power and other natural resources. The largest single industrial plant which has so far been established under her development program is a fertilizer factory. And in Greece, the report recently submitted to the government by the country's most distinguished economist, Kyriakos Varvaressos, urges a concentration on the development of agricultural production and, after that, on consumer goods industries.

This, however, offers no royal road to a high standard of living. The extent to which agricultural production can be increased in countries such as Greece and India is sharply limited. It is extremely doubtful whether even a long-range program can make either country — or, for that matter, any of the other overcrowded nations of Asia and the Middle East — capable of feeding its present population on a standard even remotely comparable to the American.

Indeed, despite the progress which has already been made, agricultural production even on a world-wide basis has failed to keep up with the

increase in world population. Since 1936, world food production has increased nine per cent — but world population has risen fourteen per cent, in spite of the tremendous losses caused by the war. In the overcrowded countries, the situation is still worse, since the major part of the increase in agricultural production has been the result of improved methods and cultivation of new land in the agricultural surplus areas. But some improvement is certainly possible; the success of ECA in almost doubling Turkey's agricultural production shows what can be done by a sound program under favorable circumstances.

EVEN AT BEST, however, the attainment of a satisfactory standard of living is only possible for large areas of the world if they can substantially reduce their present populations, or if they can find agricultural surplus countries willing to send them food and other agricultural products in exchange for the products of their future industrialization. This latter solution, we have seen, is not likely to succeed. Crowded industrial countries such as Britain, Germany, and Japan are already having difficulty in exporting enough to pay for their imports; the problem would be even greater for new competitors.

Of course, the situation is very different in the case of underdeveloped countries which are rich in

agricultural and other natural resources. In fact, the most striking development of industry has in recent years taken place in just such countries. And, building on the foundation of their natural riches, they have succeeded in rapidly raising their standards of living. The classic case is that of the United States; but the same process has taken place and is continuing to take place in such countries as Canada, Australia, the Argentine, and Brazil. The possibility of further development of both industrial production and natural resources in these countries is still very great. But it will only make things harder, rather than easier, for the overcrowded countries of the world. This is true for those lands whose present relatively high standards are dependent on exports of the products which the agricultural countries are increasingly producing for themselves; it is even truer for those in which today hundreds of millions of people are living on the verge of starvation. Even consumer goods industries in such countries are faced by very great difficulties. Thus the textile industry is the most highly developed of both Greece and India, yet in both countries — as in New England and Lancashire — it is today suffering from widespread unemployment.

Clearly, industrialization does not furnish an easy answer to the problem of bringing a decent standard of

living to the hundreds of millions who today suffer from permanent hunger. This is not to say that a carefully planned and highly selective type of industrialization cannot play its part in improving their lot. But it must be based on the creation of industries which are closely related to the available natural resources, including sources of power. It must be aimed primarily at meeting domestic needs, or at adding to the value of raw materials domestically produced and currently exported (in cases where the demand for the finished product seems likely to be as great as for the raw material or greater). And where any substantial amount of capital investment is required, it must come from foreign aid, whether in the form of gifts, loans, or investment. Otherwise it will result in an immediate depression of the standard of living, and an increase in the explosive potential of human misery which Communism today exploits in those countries. And at best, the contribution which industrialization can make to a solution of the problem is an inadequate one, whether in short-range or long-range terms.

FOR THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE, the best hope lies in the rapid development of the full unused agricultural potential of these countries. This varies greatly from one to the next. This potential is highest where there is a great deal of land which

can be reclaimed for agricultural purposes by swamp drainage, irrigation, and proper fertilization, and where an improvement of agricultural methods can result in a major increase in the production of land already under cultivation. It is much less where, as in Greece and parts of the Middle East, the possibilities of land utilization are sharply limited by the lack of water resources.

In all, however, there are sufficient possibilities of agricultural development to make possible a substantial increase in the present standard of living for the mass of the population. If these possibilities are fully and rapidly developed, we can not merely alleviate untold human misery; we can solve a large part of our immediate political problem. For a rapidly rising standard of living — even though it remains very low in absolute terms — will give people hope. As long as their lot is tangibly improving from day to day, they will not be disposed to listen to the councils of desperation which the Communists offer.

It is, of course, possible that when the present apparent possibilities of improvement have been exhausted, new scientific advances will open up new horizons. (Thus, it is conceivable that the application of atomic energy to the production of electric power might reduce the cost of the latter sufficiently to make possible the purification of sea water, at a cost sufficiently low to

permit its being used for the irrigation of vast areas which must now remain desert.) And the discovery of new natural resources always brings rapid changes in limited areas. But even the maximum development of the resources, both natural and technical, which are now available, will still leave hundreds of millions of the world's inhabitants on a terribly low economic level.

A permanent solution of their problem can only be found if a way is worked out to relieve the terrific population pressure on the areas in which they live. This is essentially an international problem; it requires the co-operation of both the overpopulated countries, and those which have at their disposal natural resources which cannot be developed without additional settlers.

Thus, only about one per cent of Brazil's land is at present under cultivation; her area is more than two and a half times that of India, and her population less than one-sixth as great. In large parts of equatorial Africa, the population density is today only two or three persons to the square mile. In both these regions, the soil is extremely fertile and easily cultivated once roads have been built and forests cleared. And their tropical climate is not unlike that of some of the areas of greatest overpopulation, making adaption relatively easy for settlers from these countries.

Mass migrations are certainly not

easy to arrange; they are very costly and present great political difficulties; but they would appear to offer the best long-term hope for a major part of the world's people. The efforts at present being made under the auspices of such agencies as the International Labor Organization

should be expanded many times over. Expenditures for this purpose will do far more to raise the standard of living than the raising up of pointless Pittsburghs in the midst of starving populations. When men are crying out for bread, it is no answer to offer them a steel mill.

The Importance of Food

» The Indian's interpretation of the hereafter was a happy hunting ground. The importance of a dependable supply of food was well stated by one who had seen men in all stages of starvation in the Yukon. "If a man misses his meals one day, he will lie. If he misses his meals two days, he will steal. If he misses his meals three days, he will kill."

FRANK A. PEARSON and DON PAARLBERG, in *FOOD*, Knopf, 1944.

In Our Opinion

» I am shocked at your conclusion in the May issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY that you want Eisenhower for President when everything you say about him points to exactly the opposite conclusions.

ROMAINE L. POINDEXTER
SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

» Your editorial, "How to Think About Eisenhower," if sincere, is the biggest bunch of horsefeathers I have read for a long time. If it were published with the design that when he did not live up to those expectations — as he surely will not — your attack on him would have all the more punch. I think your reasoning fallacious and dangerous. Such an approach is much too subtle for the average voter.

EMER YEAGER, BRIG. GEN. RET.
LEONIA, NEW JERSEY

» My opinion of you has been considerably dimmed by your editorial in the current (May) issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, concerning General Eisenhower's candidacy. . . . The charges against General Eisenhower are irrefutable and thoroughly condemning. Your attempt to further the candidacy of a man who must first vindicate himself in the eyes of the American voting public, is disgusting.

RESA A. WARSHAW
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

» It seems inconceivable that a person who, as you, preaches for months of the evils attendant on the type administration we have had, should then flippantly demonstrate that that was all the big build up for the final sell-out. We don't want Truman, and you certainly

have not changed your mind as to that point, but you are willing to accept his image — Eisenhower.

JOSEPH M. WILLIAMSON
URBANA, ILLINOIS

» Eisenhower's endorsement by Norman Thomas would indicate to me that Eisenhower has satisfied Thomas that he is the man most likely to further the cause of socialism. Norman Thomas is one of my warmest and oldest personal friends. He is a classmate of mine and over a period of many, many years, I have grown not only to love him but to know that he is incapable of subterfuge or of opportunism. He quite definitely is NOT naive and I can assure you he is not easily misled by politicians. If Norman Thomas is for Eisenhower, it is because he has assurance that Eisenhower will further the things that he, Thomas, holds closest to his heart.

EUGENE C. POMEROY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

» . . . You know as well as I that endorsing Eisenhower as a conservative is a complete farce.

ROBERT P. POPE
URBANA, ILLINOIS

» Ike would make a fine candidate to challenge Truman's corruption — he shared in it.

JAMES WILLIS
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

» Thanks for your article on Truman in the May issue ["Truman's Embarrassing Book"], and thank goodness that you dare publish what you do. It is a bit sickening to read and hear all the government propaganda that is flooding the country, and the majority of the American people are so gullible!

MRS. B. BRIDEAU
BERLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

» Why don't you sneak down and write four-letter words on the back fence of the White House? That would be on a little higher level than your May article about the President and his book.

MILDRED D. TRYZNO
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

» Dr. Wittmer's penetrating article, "Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson" [April, 1952], was certainly a major factor in making the issue so vital to every American.

Dr. Wittmer is an individual with great personal integrity and a keen, farseeing mind. I sat in his classes eight years ago. At that point, it was not fashionable to depict Soviet Russia as anything but a peace-loving, progressive country. Yet Dr. Wittmer outlined graphically what would happen if we were not careful in our dealings with Soviet Russia at the cessation of World War II. He warned against Russia's long-range attempt to fulfill her dream of world domination. He spoke against the danger of an improper settlement of the question of Russia's border nations. He warned how a "botch job" at that point by our diplomats would lay the groundwork for World War III.

MAUREEN CRETER
SAN JUAN PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

» At a time when everybody seems to be falling for the Tito line your article ("What Price Tito?") by Bogdan Raditsa in the May *MERCURY* is encouraging. Keep up the good work.

GEORGE SHANSKY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

» I was very glad to see Mr. Raditsa's article in your magazine. Our administration has made enough blunders and it is time that somebody sets the issues straight. Tito is a Communist and will always remain one. The day he "reforms" and becomes a good democrat we might as well expect Stalin to join the Atlantic Pact and dissolve the Communist Party.

ROBERT C. BRANDT
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

» Edward Hunter's article on Red China ("The Suicide of Recognizing Red China," May, 1952) is the best thing that has been written on this subject so far. The trouble with our Western diplomats is that they do not realize what some of their moves in the conference room mean to the people on the spot who are exposed to the Communist offensive in Asia, as well as in Europe. We have probably lost more potential allies by stupid diplomatic maneuvers than we will ever regain by our half-hearted propaganda efforts.

LESTER CONNOWAY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

» If you had shrugged off Mr. DeJong's article ("A Day in Rhode Island") in your May issue as he shrugs off Rhode Island you would have been far better off. I have very seldom read a more superficial and more superfluous piece of writing. He should, indeed, have stayed home and forgotten the whole thing.

GEORGE ANDERS
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

» Long live Rhode Island.

P. H. WHEATERBY
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

» In your March 1952 issue I read a contribution ("Teaching Manners to the Irish") attributed to one Peter Kavanagh who was presented to MERCURY readers as a county Monaghan Irishman, and an authority on Ireland. I seriously doubt there is any such Peter Kavanagh as you describe because no Irishman could be so utterly stupid. One may find Irishmen who are illiterate but never stupid and obscene. You have, it seems to me, conjured up a mythical character than which there is no whither.

JOHN J. KELLY
TEWKSBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Kavanagh, who is at present living in Dublin, Ireland, has just started a "mythical" magazine, copies of which can be obtained by writing to Kavanagh's Weekly, 62 Pembroke Road, Dublin. — ED.

Byron Moore

CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

The story of Ruddy F. Tongg

ONE FALL DAY in 1945 the phone rang in the Honolulu office of what was then Hawaii's only airline. A reservations clerk, finally persuaded by the persistent jangling to answer, yawned "Airline" into the mouthpiece.

"Ruddy Tongg speaking," a man's voice said. "I want to fly to Maui a week from Friday, returning Sunday."

"Fridays are booked solid for six weeks," the clerk replied wearily. "How about two weeks from Saturday?"

"No good. Pheasant season'll be over."

"Sorry, Mr. Tongg. I can put you on the waiting list. . . ."

The voice said "Ha!" and the receiver clicked.

Ruddy Tongg knew all about that waiting list; that passenger agents named Smith or Jones, when filling

.....
Byron Moore, an American Airlines pilot and a free-lance writer in his spare time, is at present flying cargo to Korea.

a cancelled seat, tended to skip over the Tonggs, Motos and Kealohas to names like Johnson or Brown. And since all the air and all the water surrounding the Hawaiian Islands was owned outright — insofar as public transportation was concerned — by one company, Ruddy knew he faced another birdless pheasant season.

But Ruddy Tongg does not give up easily. He put on his hat and drove to the airport.

There he bought a DC-3, engaged a pilot and co-pilot, and flew to Maui that Friday. Sunday night he flew back to Honolulu with his limit of birds. "I'd had my spree," he said, "thumbed my nose at the Big Five's snooty airline — but Monday morning comes, even here in Honolulu. With a big twin-engine transport plane on my hands I felt like the man who, on sobering up, discovered he'd bought a ferry boat."

Ruddy cringed at selling the plane at a loss (he'd bought it in a hurry). To postpone the pain, he put it in

charter service. The first month, to his amazement, the plane earned thirty thousand dollars — and Ruddy was hooked. In rapid succession he bought four sister ships and incorporated the Trans-Pacific Airlines, Ltd. Thereby nearly sealing his doom.

For by invading transportation, he had invaded one of the "Big Five's" most profitable and tightly held monopolies. The "Big Five" are descendants of the early missionaries who, as Islanders put it, coming to do *good*, remained to do *well*.

RUDDY TONGG has done well too. But he started from scratch, forty-six years ago, the son of an immigrant Chinese plantation laborer whose pay was sixty cents for a twelve-hour day. Ruddy's father had no worldly goods to pass on to his son, but he did have advice.

"One of the first things he taught me was about tools. 'Get your own,' he always said, 'and hang onto them. Never borrow a tool. Then you won't have to share the finished product.'"

As a schoolboy Ruddy demonstrated the soundness of the old man's advice. A lawnmower of his own — built mainly from parts scrounged in a junk yard — nearly doubled his earnings as a part-time yard boy. It was silly, he decided, to break his back for a truck farmer's profit, so he planted his own vege-

tables and peddled them in his own pushcart.

He took a night job, when he entered the University of Hawaii, washing dishes in a restaurant. It wasn't much of a job but it put him in comforting proximity to food. "To this day," he says, "I shudder when people grind cigarette stubs into uneaten scraps on their plates. There may be some poor hungry devil out in the kitchen."

The pastry cook in that restaurant, Ruddy recalls, was a genius. "I'd always tear through my dishes so I could watch him work. My curiosity finally wore him down to where he'd let me help him."

Ruddy's interest in pastry cooking was to stand him in good stead. This particular cook, like some artists, had a weakness for alcohol. One night he didn't come to work. But the next day the restaurant served pies and cake as usual — baked by Ruddy — and Ruddy was promoted. In one big jump he went from dishwasher to pastry cook.

It was then or shortly thereafter that Ruddy learned about *Tanimoshi*. A typical *Tanimoshi*: Ten men, say, put in ten dollars each a month. As soon as the one hundred dollars is in, it may be borrowed by the member offering the highest interest. A man with a hot deal in prospect will, naturally, bid up the rate for use of the money. On the other hand, if there are no bidders, the rate of interest decreases.

Tongg's new job as pastry cook enabled him to continue his studies and save money into the bargain. This he put into a small *Tanimoshi*, and when he found a used, hand-operated printing press for sale bought it with borrowed money. He'd long been eying the profits netted by jobbers printing invitations to various college functions, tickets, announcements and so forth. Being on the spot, he reasoned, would give him an advantage in bidding for the work.

He was right. So right, in fact, that he soon had to quit baking pastry. By graduation time he was making good money and had an established business to step into. He incorporated the Tongg Publishing Company.

BEFORE HE WAS FORTY Ruddy had become a moderately wealthy man. World War II made him a millionaire.

Service men by the thousands descended on the Islands. Hundreds of thousands passed through en route to the west. Ruddy noticed that all these men (and women) thirsted for Island lore. So he put out a booklet. It had pictures, maps, a Honolulu street guide and the highlights of Hawaiian history and customs. It sold for a dollar, though "sold" is an understatement — copies were gobbled up as fast as he could bind and cart them to the newsstands.

When his competitors awoke to

what was going on and printed their own booklets, he brought out a deluxe edition. And so it went. At war's end Ruddy was still lengths ahead of the field. And though he wound up with some very important money, he didn't let it, or himself, remain idle.

He picked up a little restaurant on the beach at Waikiki that made him the butt of many a joke. It was Ruddy's vocabulary trouble, people said. He just couldn't master the word "no."

For a gag, somebody told him he ought to buy a merry-go-round type of bar that was for sale — Ruddy bought it. His friends complained that his salads were "lousy" — he installed a salad bar, *smörgåsbord* style, against the street window, that groaned under the weight of every kind of salad imaginable. His joint was okay, he heard somebody say, but lacked class. So he built an addition for the carriage trade upstairs and called it the Orchid Room. "When I want a peaceful drink," a friend told him, "I hate to stumble over a lot of hula girls, with steel guitars whining in my ears." So Ruddy installed the Chatterbox Bar, just off the street, for elbow-benders who believe the drink's the thing. He drew the biggest laugh when, to save himself a daily trek across town, he built a bowling alley alongside the Tavern. (Ruddy's too busy for golf, he says, but "to make a bad pun, bowling's right up my alley.")

But gradually the kidding subsided. The Waikiki Tavern began paying off. Like Ruddy's many other enterprises, it is run efficiently, though you have to look closely to see the seams. And, strangely, enough, his enterprises have a rough sort of integration.

It's hard to imagine a tavern in connection with an airline, for instance, but his good-looking hula dancers sometimes double as airline stewardesses; his printers turn out airline schedules, tickets and advertising copy. Because a banker gave him a hard time about his construction business, he formed his own building and loan company.

As you might expect, Ruddy credits his success to his workers. He doesn't have employees, he says, only associates. "They know what I want, in general. I leave the details to them. Most people use their heads if you don't try to lead them around by the hand."

Another factor he doesn't mention, but one pretty generally known in the Islands, is that his people eventually get the fattest paychecks. "Ruddy likes to pay us for *how* we do our work," they'll tell you, "rather than for the kind of work we do."

IT WAS SOON after the Waikiki Tavern became a success that Ruddy, through his airplane venture, found himself with a major fight on his hands. It was, more-

over, a fight he had to win or lose singlehanded. The fabulously wealthy "Big Five Families" held a controlling interest in everything of importance that went on in the Islands; no one was inclined to court their displeasure — which could be highly dangerous, financially — by joining forces with him against them.

On September 10, 1947, by action of the "Big Five's" airline, a court injunction drastically curtailed Ruddy's flight operations. After averaging 4,842 passengers a month the first year, he was reduced, in effect, to barnstorming.

One can easily imagine the terrific cost of keeping up a fleet of non-productive airplanes, ground equipment, a big payroll and insurance premiums. Ruddy Tongg learned to appreciate Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's dictum that "an airplane's no good on earth."

Ten months before the injunction against him, Ruddy had filed an application with the Civil Aeronautics Board in Washington for a certificate to operate as a scheduled airline. As month after month dragged by with no word from Washington, he watched his fortune and his dreams evaporate. But not for a second did he quit fighting.

He filed a two-million-dollar damage suit against the "Big Five," carrying it, at great expense, to the higher courts. He made appeal after appeal, pulled string after string, to get Washington to act.

Somewhere along the line his efforts were blocked.

A year passed. Ruddy Tongg faced bankruptcy. At one time he could have got out from under and saved the bulk of his fortune. But now he had passed his point-of-no-return. If Washington didn't act on his application soon — a matter of weeks — he was done for.

Ruddy Tongg had gambled everything he possessed on the belief that any man or woman in America — white, black, brown, yellow or mixed — has a right to compete on an equal footing with his fellow-men. It wasn't mere pique, but this deeper conviction, which made him impulsively buy that first DC-3.

UNTIL 1945, if you wanted to travel to another island in the Hawaiian group, you depended on the "Big Five's" boats or planes — unless you had a cruiser or plane of your own, items not included in the average Islander's budget. When the government took over the passenger steamers during the war, hundreds of thousands who had never flown before took to the air. Once initiated, they stuck to plane travel, and an Island institution became a memory: the steamer whistles echoing against the mountains, the sound of music and laughter coming across the water — all bowed to progress. A half-hour flight against an all-night crossing. Now the steamers carry only freight.

So, lacking automobile roads between the Islands, it was up to "The Airline" to expand its services to cope with the increasing travel demands of an increasing population. But it's easy, without a competitive kick-in-the-pants, for Management to postpone expansion: personnel and facilities had stabilized at a (to Management) convenient level; more frequent schedules (they presumed) would make the slack periods slacker; having more business than they could handle was a "healthy condition," they thought.

But native "Hawaiians," i.e., those of mixed Polynesian, Asiatic and Caucasian racial backgrounds, by nature shy and unobtrusive, stayed home rather than run the gauntlet of "The Airline's" agents. They had tired of the brush-off. Ruddy changed all that. His was a fly-to-suit-the-passenger operation geared to the needs of the Island people. He carried tourists, to be sure, but on a "first come, first serve" basis. The Islander of modest means who might fly once a year received the same consideration as a banker.

After thirteen months, when Ruddy was completely in hock, the Islanders demonstrated their appreciation. They bought a million shares of stock in Ruddy's venture at a dollar apiece. TPA, the people's airline, got a new lease on life. And just in time.

February 17, 1949, was, for Ruddy

Tongg, a red-letter day. The President of the United States, at long last, signed the certificate: TPA, now renamed the Aloha Airline, became a full-fledged airline in its own right. The Civil Aeronautics Board had ruled that there was a definite need of additional air service in the Hawaiian Islands, and that Ruddy Tongg was willing and able to provide it. The Board also declared that it “. . . *had never been faced with a clearer instance of monopoly or control of transportation facilities [than that] held by the existing carrier. . . .*”

The United States Department of Justice, in a civil antitrust suit against the “Big Five,” went even further: “*They have,*” said the Department of Justice, “*since 1939 [been] parties to an unlawful combination and conspiracy to restrain and monopolize . . . territorial trade and commerce in violation of . . . the Sherman Anti-Trust Laws.*”

Thus Ruddy Tongg, American, son of a poor Chinese laborer, broke, singlehanded, the long throttle-hold on interisland transportation. Whether this crack in the “Big Five’s” armor will deepen and extend to other areas of endeavor, remains to be seen. For that matter, it remains to be seen whether the powerful financial interests lined up against Ruddy Tongg will find another way to smother him. A bad sign is his recent loss of the damage suit filed against the “Big Five.”

But many people feel Ruddy got a raw deal and want him to appeal.

MEANWHILE, largely through Ruddy’s efforts, Island travel is undergoing a revolution. Householders on outlying islands said they’d visit Honolulu oftener, only they couldn’t afford to bring the wife and kids, and the little woman beefed when left alone. So he gave them a half-fare Family Plan.

In 1950 the two airlines, between them, carried 400,000 passengers; this figure approximates the total population of the Hawaiian Islands! While Ruddy’s *percentage* of the total increases each month, it’s not at the expense of the other airline, since their *total* number of passengers keeps increasing.

Ruddy attributes this steady overall increase to interest stimulated by his half-fare Family Plan, “Tour Conductor” flights, and other business-getting schemes.

It amuses him that whenever he pops up with a new idea, the “Big Five” mobilize their battery of attorneys to block it — only to fall in line when their legal efforts fail. Now they are running their own “Family” and “Tour” flights. And after screaming that Ruddy’s twenty-eight seats dangerously overloaded his DC-3’s, they are now converting their own DC-3’s from twenty-four to twenty-eight seats. (The flights are short, Ruddy explains, and the weather no factor, so

that the weight saved in fuel more than offsets the weight of the extra passengers.)

"Can't figure why they dislike us so cordially," Ruddy says with a chuckle.

Well, human nature being what it is, Ruddy's question was obviously rhetorical. But, to answer it literally, in addition to his winning a summary judgment in his still pending two-and-a-quarter-million-dollar suit against them, there's Ruddy's advertising.

Newspaper copy, for instance, shows a cartoon of a typical Island family man standing, corpulent in his flowered shirt, before a ticket window holding up four fingers, smiling broadly. In the background are his equally fat wife (also smiling), and two kids. Under the cartoon, the caption reads: "Cousin Koko says: Buy your air travel in the big FAMILY SIZE!" Then it is pointed out that the money-saving Family Plan is another Aloha Airline "First for Hawaii!"

By itself, this copy is not unusual; but contrasted with the ad of the "Big Five's" airline showing an elegantly dressed tourist couple, accoutered with cameras, light meters, binoculars and standard tourist equipment, the satire is not lost on Islanders, long crowded out of plane seats by invading tourists.

Then there's the copy asserting that Aloha Airline, aware of the long-standing safety record of Island

passenger flying, requires of its pilots "experience two and a half times greater than any other airline flying interisland schedules." As there is only one other airline, the inference is obvious.

Actually, in twenty-two years of interisland flying, no passenger has been so much as scratched.

SITTING at his table in the Surf Room of his Waikiki Tavern, Ruddy's battle scars don't show. His eyes twinkle good-naturedly behind rimless glasses. Shrewdness must be there, too, but it doesn't show, either. His easy poise and smooth, unlined face give no hint of his boundless energy and granite endurance.

Speaking of a recent visit to Hong Kong, he remarked: "The difference between Comrade Mao and his gang, and us in this country, is how we regard the man-in-the-street. They assume he can't possibly know what he wants — that he has to be *told* what's good for him.

"This country is founded on the basic integrity of *people*. We know what we want — if it isn't good for us we'll find out soon enough. I don't try to *tell* people what they want — I ask 'em. Then I *get* it for 'em. And," Ruddy smiled, "it makes me money!"

He took a bite of *lomi lomi* salmon and glanced about. "See that girl over there," he said, indicating a tastefully dressed young lady a few

tables removed. "She's one of Aloha's stewardesses. A mixture of Chinese, Portuguese, English and Hawaiian — but also one-hundred-per-cent American." And, anyone could see with half an eye, a very beautiful American.

"She and others like her help make this country great," he went on. "Contrary to popular belief, mixing various races improves the species. Take my father's country, China: a civilization of purebreds. What happened? They fell flat on their faces. No new ideas, fresh outlooks, for generation after generation. China drew her past about her like a blanket and the world left her behind. Until now, striving to shake off centuries of sleep, she reaches out for an ideology — unfortunately a bad and treacherous one."

The lights dimmed. On the stage a hula started. Trick lighting transformed the grass skirts into shimmering streamers of green fire; the eyes and teeth of the dancers gleamed with startling opalescence; the lights changed and now the girls' skins were jet black — soft and satiny, a pleasing effect. The whole setting attested Ruddy Tongg's showmanship.

"For a decadent purebred," somebody observed when the music stopped, "you, Ruddy, are pretty well rounded. What do you do in your *spare* time, anyway?"

Ruddy laughed, then grew thoughtful. "Guess I worry whether

my boys will be drafted before they finish college," he said. "Since my father would permit us to speak nothing but English, our family has lost the Chinese language. If my boys could speak it, they might get into Intelligence or something. Now, looks like, they'll be buck privates."

Death took Ruddy's wife about a year ago, leaving him with five boys and two girls. The two draft-age boys are Ruddy, Jr., twenty, and Tenney, eighteen, both at the University of Hawaii. The remaining five live with their father in his palatial Waikiki Beach home.

RUDDY CONSIDERS HIMSELF a failure, in that he hasn't realized the dream closest his heart, the one he went to college to prepare for: journalism. Those close to him know how much he wants to own a newspaper — and none doubts that he will, someday.

It is to Ruddy's credit that detractors can find nothing more damaging to say about him than that he pyramids *Tanimoshis* dangerously; or that he took advantage of panic-stricken *haoles* scurrying back to the Mainland after Pearl Harbor by buying up their property for a nickel on the dollar.

His friends scoff at both charges. The guy thinks, they insist, into the fourth dimension, mathematically speaking; at any time, day or night, he knows to the penny where he

stands. As for taking advantage of frightened Mainlanders, he didn't ask them to sell, they point out; he merely had more faith in his country than they.

Then they'll tell you about his "Dream City," blueprinted for a huge tract of land on the Island of Hawaii, extending from the sea to far up the slopes of Kilauea, one of Hawaii's numerous mountains. Much of it is, supposedly, the "nickel on the dollar" land he acquired from the scared *haoles*.

If so, he is preparing to turn back his "ill-gotten" gains. He has divided the land into five-acre tracts (choose your own climate: seashore, plateau, or mountain), offering ninety-nine year leases at a dollar an acre. If you want to build, he'll give you title to the land in fee simple for a very nominal sum (around fifty dollars an acre).

Not only that. He believes that landowners, to be independent, should own their own tools. If you want to farm, you get your tools free. If you want to raise cattle, he'll start you off with a herd — also free. If you want to start a factory, and he believes your project sound, he'll put up half the money.

He'll go still farther. When a sufficient number of families have taken root, he will build a modern

schoolhouse — at his own expense.

And such is the reputation in Hawaii of Ruddy Fah Tongg that nobody has the slightest doubt that he will do what he says, promptly and munificently.

No, the man is not crazy — he will retain control of the shopping district!

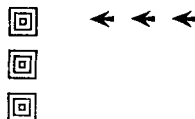
THE ONE THING that can upset Ruddy Tongg's equanimity is mention of statehood for Hawaii. Then he'll give a miniature imitation of *Mauna Loa*, with inner rumblings and hot lava.

"If they're too blankety busy there in Congress," he rumbles, "to vote on Hawaii's statehood, we can fix that soon enough: just stop sending in our hundred-million-dollar-a-year federal tax bite. Then we'd get action, believe me!"

Pretty strong talk until you remember that taxation without representation was repugnant to some other Americans, too, way back in the 1770's. Still, I don't think that there will ever be a Pearl Harbor Tea Party!

But it's good to know the old spirit is still there, that even the son of a poor Chinese laborer can carry on like an old-fashioned American: busting trusts, making money, puncturing stuffiness.

the conversion



of Doc Beade

Hilaire du Berrier

YOU COULD ALWAYS TELL when spring was about to burst upon the ugly wooden town of Flasher, North Dakota, where I was born. A wrinkled old Indian named Albert Wind-Did-Blow would rumble into town in a lumber wagon, sometimes accompanied by one squaw and sometimes by two, and then you knew that spring was there. All Albert had been waiting for was a chance to get off the reservation.

Sometimes in his impatience he jumped the gun a bit and got caught in a blizzard. If the blizzard was too bad he and the current Madame or Mesdames Wind-Did-Blow came to our house and Mother made a bed for them on the floor;

Mr. du Berrier, who was born on the edge of the Sioux Indian Reservation in North Dakota, has spent most of his life adventuring in Europe and Asia. He has contributed to Esquire and Petit Parisien.

if the blizzard wasn't too bad, he just suffered through it stoically.

A few weeks later the snow would melt and buffalo grass would be green for a month or so, before turning a burnt brown. Then Louse Creek would thunder like a real river for a spell, before calming down into a few muddy holes filled with baby catfish and small boys. My pal, Ronnie Albrecht, and I would announce our intention of going down to Brown's pasture, between the railroad tracks and the creek, to look for crocuses as soon as the snow had melted.

Ronnie's mother would admonish us not to go in swimming yet. It was too cold. We would promise to stay out of the creek. My mother would tell us to come home early, and off we'd go, always leading a stray dog.

At Albert's tent we would stop for a few minutes, and I would do the talking. Albert and my parents

were friends — in fact, one of Albert's wives had made the pair of moccasins which were the first shoes I ever had, at about the age of one month.

"How," I would say.

Albert would grunt, "How."

I would point to the dog and ask, "How much?"

"*Kosh pappa nopa som-okēca*," Albert would reply.

Kosh pappa nopa som-okēca meant twenty-five cents in Sioux. Regardless of the dog's age, size, or breed, Albert's price never varied.

Between the ages of six and fifteen Ronnie and I led innumerable dogs up to his smoke-filled teepee, with "How," "How much?" "*Kosh pappa nopa som-okēca*," and an answering grunt our entire conversation; the whole scene has the shiny surface of an old lithograph in my memory today. Albert's squaws made soup out of the dogs, and that was how Ronnie and I got our spending money.

Old Albert didn't hang around Flasher from choice. The Indian agent would not let him wander very far off; he could only leave the reservation for so long, every so often, though he loved to travel.

Now this restriction on his freedom may have been irksome, but it had its compensating feature. On the first of the month, regular as clockwork, every Indian collected thirty dollars from the government. And every papoose, full blood or

half-breed, received a quarter section of land at birth. Naturally, no one but a no-good cowhand would want that reservation land. Cowhands were expected to marry squaws and breed children as a means of acquiring grazing ground for cattle, which probably accounted for the low esteem in which half-breeds were held in our country. It was a *mésalliance* on the squaw's part, if anything.

THE CASH PART of the arrangement was another matter. The thirty dollars a month was Albert's pay for closing his ears to the call of hunting grounds and warpath. Just staying there was his work, and he earned every cent of his pay! When you look at it in that light, against a background of rolling prairie and drab little towns where white men lived because they wanted to, the Indians were the only intelligent people in North Dakota.

And since he had to work so hard for his money, you never caught old Albert throwing it around. A pouch of tobacco from time to time, a bottle of patent medicine that tasted like firewater, and a stray mongrel when he pitched his tent in Brown's pasture — these and a new squaw every few years were the only luxuries Albert allowed himself, unless you want to count his one flyer in the publishing business.

The pasture was named after the Eastern promotor who talked my

father into going out there and starting a town; Mr. Brown hoped thereby to give value to the miles of worthless prairie he had quietly bought up from disillusioned homesteaders. Part of the lure Mr. Brown held out to Father, in whose ears lingered the place names of France, was a promise that he could name his town after himself.

THIS DREAM the government nipped, however, because the state already had two towns with similar names. Father, in disgust, put some papers in a hat, closed his eyes, drew out the one with Mr. Brown's secretary's name on it, and his new fief was named after her.

The naming of the creek was another matter. Old man Wade, who drove the stagecoach between Fort Mandan and the Black Hills, swore that for three days after the cowboys took their fall swim, on their way into Mandan with a cattle shipment, you could see lice floating down the stream.

I was the first paleface born in this straggling wart on the Middle West's worn face, and a veterinary officiated for want of a doctor. Father imported a few gaunt trees and built a wooden sidewalk in front of his own buildings. Hitching posts were set up where it was hoped that in time trees would give shade. When it rained, water settled in the depressions pawed by restless horses. The rest of the street was a swamp,

but each hitching post marked a hard-bottomed puddle where little boys could go wading and sail boats.

In winter you froze. When summer came a hot wind full of dust swept across the plains, driving Russian thistles and sweating males before it, the former to pasture fences or infinity, the latter to the stagnant mudhole south of the tracks known as Louse Creek.

In the house Father entertained the best friends he could find in this spiritual wilderness — Turkey-Track Bill the cowboy, and Albert Wind-Did-Blow the Indian, and Doc Beade the gaunt missionary, who came from the Eastern world on the other side of the Missouri.

Turkey-Track Bill was regarded as a paragon among men — for a cowboy. Otherwise, he was an amusing, lying rogue who could take care of himself and deserved no special consideration. Obviously, there was something wrong with him or he would not be a cowpoke.

Albert Wind-Did-Blow and the handful of older Indians who came to town with him were in a class by themselves. They did not speak English, but they and the white men understood each other perfectly. Everyone liked old Albert.

As for Doctor Beade the missionary, he was a scholar, Episcopalian, High Church, and a man to look up to.

To put it simply, they looked down on Turkey-Track Bill, as much

as they liked him. Albert Wind-Did-Blow they regarded as an equal, for all that he was an Indian. And Doc Beade, with a cultivated mind and a voice such as no man had ever heard in our country before — he was, admittedly and without shame, a superior.

Doc Beade was always trying to convert Albert and make him go to work, scheming to send him up Old-Age River on a third-class ticket, without dog soup and the old dances. And Albert, not wanting to hurt anyone's feelings, agreed, in principle at least, to everything.

Once a man brought a tent show to town; and Rich Spielman the druggist and Al Busch the grain buyer and Bill Shearer the lumberyard man turned out to help put up the tent. When the canvas was hoisted and the first row of plank seats in place, the stranger and his civic-minded helpers sat down to fan themselves, drink a bottle of cherry pop, and admire their work. Suddenly a shadow appeared beneath a drawn-back flap, and old Albert, with his shapeless hat, faded overalls, long hair, and a ring in his ear, walked in.

He looked around the huge tent, and in an awed voice observed, "Big teepee." Then he too sat down on the plank and from time to time mumbled something to himself in Sioux.

Doc Beade found it slow going trying to make the Indians learn to

read and write and accept the established church.

Nevertheless, he kept on hammering at them, urging the young bucks to go to Indian school and the braves to take up farming. He pleaded with them to give up firewater and war-paint and the old dances, and after a while his efforts began to tell.

A FEW of the younger boys entered Indian school, where they learned to sleep indoors and eat like white men, but they never lasted long. A few months, and tuberculosis or smallpox or something else would hit them.

Though epidemics caught the boys in school and their chests caved in and they did not believe what the white men told them anyway, they did go to school; and back on the reservation the fine old man told the braves their race would die out if they did not work.

He talked to them about God and the High Church, and he said they should plow and plant wheat. Then when fall came they would be happier with money they had earned, instead of sitting back and waiting for a monthly check from the government. Waiting for that check from the government would ruin them in time. "Lay it aside," he said, "but don't use it."

They were not enthusiastic, but he was a good man, and they did like his stories. A few of the younger braves, probably drafted by their

elders to keep Doc happy, actually took up farming.

Then something went wrong. Doc began to grow soft and lose his drive. It was said that the grain buyers cheated his protégés on weight and grading. Or it might have been that, being such a broad and intelligent person, Doc had looked at both sides of the question by that time and changed his mind. Anyway, he and the Indians seemed to come to the conclusion simultaneously that it was better to go back to the old ways, waiting for spring to melt the snows from the badlands so they could eat the tongues and hearts of the cattle that had died in the blizzards. The Indians taught Doc their secrets and their legends, and the farming petered out.

SLOWLY the change became greater. The Indians did not work at all any more, and neither did Doc. His teeth decayed and his clothes became ragged. I heard my mother say once that he was drinking like a fish. Instead of trying to stop the powwows, he sat on his haunches with the rest of them and chanted, with a wild gleam in his eyes, to the beat of the drums.

He lived in a teepee next to old Albert's, and one day a rancher brought word that Doc had married a squaw.

Once, Albert came around with a dirty piece of paper which he held out sheepishly to be read. It was

written by Doctor Beade, and, though I have forgotten its exact wording, Al Busch, the grain-elevator man, said it was something about looking at this man well because he was the last of a dying race.

It gave his age and a few details of his life and ended with a plea for any loose change or old clothing one might care to give him. Albert and the ex-missionary were thicker than thieves by then — two time-tried though ill-assorted friends ending their days together — the one with skin like wrinkled leather, the other a face of dry parchment stretched over a skull.

Father, as usual, had a place set at the table for Albert and his squaw, and they sat down with us.

"Try some of this," Father said, handing Albert a dish of freshly ground horse-radish. "*Washtay*," he added. *Washtay* means good.

The Indian took a heaping spoonful, choked, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"*Wa-nitch*," he counselled his squaw, getting up as he did so and setting the horse-radish in the corner, on the floor, where she could not be stung by it. *Wa-nitch* means no good. He came back to the table shaking his head.

From time to time through the meal Father and Albert chuckled. When it was over, everything on the table was put into a brown paper bag for Mrs. Wind-Did-Blow to take back to the teepee.

Through all the meals Albert ate at our house there was never an indication by word or look that he and I had any business relationship on the side. In the house we barely noticed each other; but when he started back for Brown's pasture, he knew I would be along shortly, somehow, with a dog.

A few weeks later, Doc Beade came around, "riding the grub-line," as we called it. A neighbor recognized the old coat Doc was wearing as one he had given Albert, the Indian Doc had tried to convert, and who had ended by converting Doc.

SINCE IT WAS AGREED that Doc knew everything, his opinions were respectfully sought after. Whether it was farming or history, or the interpretation of a news item about some foreign place in an old newspaper someone back East had mailed to a relative, Doc was the last authority. Poverty had not undermined his dignity, and the glorification of mediocrity had not destroyed men's regard for their betters.

In a sense, he was our "man Flammonde from God knows where," come to guide groping prairie exiles through a maze of half-solved riddles. And, ragged or not, he was looked up to.

Every so often he would appear at our house for a change of cooking and a bath. Father would send out word that he was in town and would

stay over Sunday. But Doc did not preach. Instead, the farmers would come in on Saturday night. Father and Bill Shearer would set up seven or eight rows of folding chairs in the hall above the store, where the Odd Fellows and the Modern Woodmen held their meetings. By eight o'clock the chairs would be filled and the room thick with tobacco smoke, and Doc Beade would give his lecture. He talked about Europe and farming and books and a scientist back East who called himself a rain maker.

I was too young to attend these meetings. All I can remember about them is his voice and our conversation the time he left the bundle of books with me.

By that time, it was evident that he was falling from grace. The men still respected him and hung on what he said; but after he married the squaw, Mother was coolly polite and her lips closed in a thin line when he came to the table.

It wasn't that Mother did not like squaws. It was her unconscious membership in the White Women's Mutual Protection League, I suppose, that made her frown on any such dangerous precedent as Dr. Beade's marrying one of them. She saw nothing wrong with Albert's having two squaws, but Dr. Beade's having one conflicted with her ideas of propriety in some way or other.

The time Dr. Beade brought the books started like all his other visits. He arrived in the afternoon. After

dinner he told stories in the back of the store, surrounded by a group of attentive men. The things he talked about did not interest me, and I am not sure if his grown-up listeners knew why they hung on his words either. I did not appreciate that Doc's conversation was pure poetry until years later. Then I realized that something went with him, lost for want of recording.

No one bothered with the written word out there. Words were hard enough to read, let alone write. So Doc became a sort of prairie Homer, riding the grub-line and trading stories at night for a few days of food and shelter. His voice gripped men and carried them away while he was talking, but what he said was beyond their ability to put on paper.

I FOUND HIM in the parlor, the day after his arrival, reading the names on the boxes of rolls on top of mother's player piano. He asked me to wait a minute while he went upstairs for something.

When he came back he had a small bundle, and in deepest confidence he unfolded a proposition. In the bundle were some booklets printed by a newspaper office in Bismarck, the pages held between a brown paper cover by two wire staples.

"It is an Indian play," he said. "Now you sell these for fifteen cents each, and for every one you sell you can keep five cents for yourself.

"But don't tell anyone," he impressed on me.

From a cursory glance at the number of books on hand, it looked like a good proposition to me. The profits were not as high as selling dogs, but the supply of dogs, in a small town like ours where it was tacitly understood that hunting dogs were exempt from sale, was limited.

I gave it a try, but it was no use. No one wanted any. In fact, no one figured a Sioux had anything to say that was worth translating anyway.

When it came time for Doc to go back to the reservation, we had an accounting. I had not made a sale, but he said, "I'll leave them with you. I know you are honest. Maybe someone will come along and want one. You can hold the money until I come back."

As to who the prospective purchaser might be, he was rather vague; but he was such a poised and kindly old gentleman, while he was talking to you you felt he must be right.

His books gradually spread over the house. In time, Mother went on a house-cleaning rampage and moved them out to the woodshed, where they were stacked in a neat pile. Eventually the pile was knocked over and when a scuttle of coal came in, a few books would be with it.

Huddled in the woodshed, I started reading one one day, while smoking a cigarette made of corn silks and tissue paper. It was so interesting, I finished it. I remember

now, it was sheer beauty. Young as I was, I could not put it down, but for the life of me I cannot recall how it went.

One day the last one was gone, and I have never seen any of them since.

YEARS LATER, I got to talking with Bill Shearer and Rich Spielman about Doc Beade and his book, and they remembered hearing something of that enterprise. "It was a sort of communal project Doc sold the Indians on," Rich explained.

"Naturally, when Doc ceased to be a missionary his money stopped. And on going Indian he did not come in for the thirty dollars a month the rest of the bucks received.

"So Albert Wind-Did-Blow and Spotted-Dog and the rest of his friends got together and decided he was nonetheless a member of the tribe and had a right to a government check on the first of the month with the rest of them.

"Since the Indian Commissioner did not feel that way about it, they agreed to prorate a modest levy among themselves. Then they and Doc would all have the same amount."

It meant only a small amount from each Indian, and they agreed

he was well worth the money. No Sioux, as far as Rich could ascertain, ever begrudged those few coins for their convert. All they knew of the wide world they knew through him, and nightly he came through with new and dazzling visions to make the future bearable.

Albert's flyer in the publishing business was a result of one such evening. Doc, looking around for something to do with his stipend, thought of a corporation, and decided to let his friends in on it. He took what he felt each could spare and allotted stock accordingly.

They talked it over among themselves and settled on something all of them liked for their first book. Doc did the translating, in the conical seclusion of his teepee, and sought out an inexpensive printer.

I feel sad when I picture the suspense of those Indians watching the unfolding of their first and only venture, their Point Four program for backward people, and their disappointment when it did not go over.

It was the only book the Sioux Indian Publishing Company ever put out. Neither they nor their ragged old renegade Episcopalian ever tried to convert white men to poetry again.

Stella Andrassy

'UNCLE AUGUST'

A Memoir of Strindberg

The Swedish film, Miss Julie, by August Strindberg, arrived in New York this spring to be acclaimed by critics and the public. It is the first presentation of this powerful drama in America, and promises to give the great Swedish writer the popularity here he has long had in Europe. The author of the following memoir, daughter of a Swedish historian, was formerly editor of a weekly magazine in Budapest, where she went to live after her marriage. Her book about wartime Hungary has been a recent bestseller in Sweden. Mrs. Andrassy is now living in New York.

I FIRST MET STRINDBERG in early childhood. The famous Strindberg family lived next door to us in Stockholm, and for ten years I went to the same school as his daughter, Anne-Marie. I knew him first as "Uncle August," a soft-spoken, white-haired old man who often on early mornings escorted us two little girls to school. He hardly ever spoke a word on those walks, and sometimes I wondered whether he could speak at all. Anne-Marie, the sweetest, kindest child, was just as mute.

Then I began to overhear the wild gossip of the servants, the heated arguments of the grownups about the great Strindberg — what a monster he was, what a genius.

My parents kept an open drawing room in Stockholm where writers, painters, and musicians gathered frequently. Whenever Strindberg's name was mentioned, it had the effect of a bomb exploding in their midst. Half of the company would attack him violently: "How does he dare? The scoundrel! To expose his wife and his own country in such a manner. . . . He ought to be in jail."

The other half of the company, to which my father belonged, would defend him just as ardently, stressing that Strindberg was the greatest playwright of our age, and that he had created a completely new form of drama. He had done more than anybody else for the underprivi-

leged, they said. Moreover, he had opened the door for coming generations of writers to express themselves with all the available means of modern technique. I remember almost exactly the words with which my father once ended an evening's argument: "Strindberg is the great diagnostician; he shows us where the Evil is. And when he lances the abscess, he frees the human body from its accumulated poisons. He never makes an attempt at therapy. That he leaves to us."

Naturally I began to be puzzled. After that, on our morning walks, I would peep up at "Uncle August," wondering. I must have peeped particularly hard one day, for almost as though discerning my bewilderment and wishing to set it at rest, his startling blue eyes had a specially warm look as he said good-bye to Anne-Marie and me.

ANNE-MARIE WAS, no doubt, the one creature on earth who could bring some joy and light to her father's tortured being. Her mother was Strindberg's third wife. She was the brilliant Harriet Bosse, an actress thirty years younger than he, who left him after three years of marriage.

Harriet Bosse has herself related her first meeting with Strindberg at a party. She was then only eighteen years old. When Strindberg saw her, he stood spellbound. For a long time he gazed, speechless, at

her rare and exceptional beauty, especially in Scandinavia. For with her warm skin, dark hair, and slit eyes, she seemed to have walked straight out of the *Arabian Nights*. Suddenly he crossed the room, and speaking to her for the first time in his life, made one of the strangest proposals a man ever made to a woman. Solemnly he asked: "Do you, Miss Bosse, want to have a child by me?"

"Yes, thank you," she said, and curtsied.

This queer proposal can only be understood when one knows how frantically Strindberg loved and longed for children. To become a father was for him to have heaven on earth. His first marriage had been completely wrecked when the suspicion awoke in him that his wife was unfaithful. The day it dawned on him that the children he had adored beyond description might not be his own, he was poisoned to the roots of his being. The nightmarish anguish he then experienced found expression in his uncanny drama, *The Father*.

So when he now asked Miss Bosse: "Do you want to have a child by me?" it came from his innermost desire, and was for him a beautiful way to propose.

A few days later Harriet Bosse paid Strindberg a visit. She has told how he received her with open arms. He had decorated the room with flowers and lighted candles; he had

laden the table with fruit and wine. In order to look a little more grown up when she visited the famous old author, Harriet had borrowed a black suit much too big for her. To make it fit, she had taken up the hem with dozens of safety pins. She wore a small hat with a feather, which Strindberg laughingly pulled out saying he needed it as a shaft for his pen. This pen he used to the end of his life, and with it wrote some of his greatest masterpieces.

Strindberg loved Harriet madly. He was sure he had found in her the ideal he had searched for throughout his life. She would bring him peace. She would give wings to his soul! In ecstasy, he wrote her: "Beloved, Beloved! Hear my cries! The Eagle is free, free, free!"

Some time later he sent another message:

When you, beloved, came into my home three months ago, I was old, ugly, almost evil, without hope.

And there you came.

What happened?

First you made me almost good.

Then you gave me back my youth.

Then you woke my hope of better things.

Then you taught me the beauty of life — as far as it goes, and then the beauty of poetry — my Swanwhite . . .

For her he wrote his only love play, *Swanwhite*. He gave it to her as a wedding gift, but at the same time he made her promise never to

read his book about his first marriage, *A Fool's Defense*, and never to act in the role of *Miss Julie*.

Strindberg's divine happiness with Harriet did not last very long. He kept his "swanwhite" like a bird in a cage, isolating her completely from the world. He allowed her only her acting. But during the performance he would wait impatiently in the corridor of the theater, and directly after the last curtain call bring her home. This Harriet could not stand. She wanted to live like other young people, and she left him after three years to seek happiness with a young and handsome actor.

After Harriet left him, Strindberg became lonelier and more desperate than ever before. He could never forget her. To the end of his life he continued to love her devotedly.

STRINDBERG'S CHILDHOOD had been very difficult. His own beloved mother died early. He acquired a stepmother whom he hated. The slums had been his early environment. He had known poverty and prejudice in all their variations. At last he met a young lady of the Swedish aristocracy, Lily von Essen, and married her with many illusions. Strindberg was dreadfully earnest; he had not the slightest sense of humor. He was always brooding over the problems and sufferings of this world. Lily was a merry young woman without any

deeper interest in life than to have a good time. She had hoped, through her marriage with Strindberg, to realize her fond dream to become an actress.

Almost from the very beginning they started to drift apart. It was during this period that Strindberg wrote *Miss Julie*, which reveals much of the difference in their temperaments. At its first performance in Copenhagen Lily played the leading role.

After endless quarrels and reconciliations they decided to separate. And now began one of the stormiest divorce cases Sweden ever witnessed. Each party insisted on the possession of the children. In trying to prove each his own right and the other's incompetence, they hurled the vilest accusations against one another. At last the court gave Lily the children.

Strindberg was desperate. He brimmed over with hatred and bitterness, not only against Lily, but against the entire social class she represented. He had never forgotten how his poor mother had worked herself to death, washing and slaving for the aristocracy. To avenge himself, and to rid himself of his load of anger, he wrote *A Fool's Defense*. Here he revealed without mercy every detail of their unhappy marriage. It was no doubt the vilest accusation a man ever hurled against a woman.

The effect was terrific. A storm of

indignation swept through the country. Strindberg was compelled to leave Sweden. For some time he found refuge in Germany.

By that time — in the 1890's — he had become widely known. His plays were performed in all the big cities of Europe. His works were discussed and debated. He was admired and hated. He had to face several trials for libel. Nevertheless, he remained poor — as well as lonely and highstrung.

IN BERLIN he fell in love again, this time with a young Austrian journalist, Frieda Uhl. Hoping once more to find peace and happiness, he married her. Before the wedding he made her promise she would never read *A Fool's Defense*. Being both a woman and a journalist, the first thing she did after the ceremony was to procure a copy of the ill-famed book and read it. Then all that Strindberg had tried to forestall took place. She became disgusted and frightened of him. Her love was transformed into burning hate. The past repeated itself at an accelerated pace. Another marriage was broken, and Strindberg fell into a state of utter desolation.

Since childhood he had been oversensitive, with strong tendencies to clairvoyance and telepathy. These psychic qualities increased to a pathological degree during this depressed state. He believed himself possessed by evil spirits — "the powers," he

called them. They tortured him in every way, causing him the most horrible agony.

His telepathic sense increased to such a point that when a neighbor woman was in labor, he felt her pains. When a friend was bankrupt, he experienced all his humiliation, shame, and worry. Sometimes his consciousness included entire countries. In strange visions he would see all the beggars and cripples of the world, and be filled with endless compassion. He would be overwhelmed with feelings of pity for the actors in his plays who night after night had to go through the agonies he experienced only *once* — when he wrote them.

"I live and live the manifold lives of all people I describe," he said. "Happy with those who are happy, evil with the evil ones, good with the good. I creep out of my personality and speak with the mouths of children, of women, of old men. I am king and beggar."

"The powers" left him no peace. He tells how they drove him from place to place. They let him neither work nor sleep. Night and day he would hear nails being hammered into the wall beside him. Three pianos would play continuously in the room next to his. When he complained to the landlady, she showed him that the apartment next his was unoccupied. . . . This was more than he could bear. He had to flee from "the powers."

He fled to the mother of his divorced Austrian wife. Mrs. Uhl had always had sympathetic understanding of her strange son-in-law. Besides being a devout Catholic, she had a deep insight into the mystic works of Swedenborg, in which he describes his visions of the inhabitants of the invisible world and the laws that reign there.

Mrs. Uhl undertook to exorcise the demons with all means available. She sprinkled Strindberg's room with holy water; she taught him to recite the rosary. She had masses said for him. She did all in her power to heal his tormented soul. Gradually an improvement took place. On her suggestion he entered a monastery, intending to become a Catholic. After a time, however, he realized that his unfettered spirit could never submit to creed or sect. He decided to fight "the powers" alone. After long and bitter agonies he did master them — not, he tells us, through outside means. When he had annihilated them within himself, through repentance, then he found peace.

During these struggles the children of his first marriage had grown up. Whatever doubts he may have had of their paternity, he loved them with his whole heart. One day he received a letter from his daughter Greta telling him that she wanted to go on the stage. One might think that Strindberg, having seen enough of an actor's life, would have warned

his daughter against such a career. But for Strindberg the stage was holy ground. He called it the *biblia pauperum*, the book of the poor. He promised her, furthermore, the best connections through his influence with theaters and the literary world. He was not exaggerating his position. For Strindberg was one of the most productive dramatists of Europe at that time. His plays were being performed all over the continent. He always worked as if in a trance, not knowing one day what he had written the day before. Page after page fell to the floor, and some faithful friends would tiptoe in and pick them up and put them in order.

THE LAST PART of his stormy life Strindberg spent in Stockholm, living in the house next ours he called "The Blue Tower," because of its blue-tiled round stairway. In these years he turned more and more to religion, seeking by all means new ways to express himself. He added light-effects and music to his dramas, all to intensify the impressions he was so eager to convey.

During his last lonely years, it was only little Anne-Marie who gave him some joy and comfort. It was also then that his compatriots discovered that in their very midst they had one of the great writers of the century. From day to day his popularity grew. Old hatreds and animosities were forgotten. But for

Strindberg honor in his own country came too late. He was suffering from cancer, and knew he had only a short time to live.

On Strindberg's sixty-third birthday, all Stockholm was at his feet. Every theater put on one of his plays. Every shop exhibited in its window a laurel-wreathed portrait of him. An enormous public collection was taken up for him, which Strindberg promptly distributed among the poor. A torch procession was arranged. Students and workers marched in thousands to "The Blue Tower," cheering: "Long live freedom's poet! Long live the people's writer!"

Beside Strindberg on the balcony as he received their ovations stood little Anne-Marie, scattering handfuls of rose petals over the heads of the cheering crowds.

This was the last time Strindberg was seen in public. His life was ebbing rapidly. Before leaving this world, he set his house in complete order. When all his debts were paid and everything was ready for death, he wrote: "I feel that my life work is completed. I have said all I wanted to say, and my unprinted manuscripts are put away in boxes in perfect order."

As he felt the end approaching, he would no longer allow Anne-Marie to visit him. I remember how sad it made her. One day she sent him some flowers, imploring to be allowed to come and see him. He

refused her plea in a last farewell letter:

My dear little daughter,

Thank you for your red flowers. But you must not visit me. Here there are so many medicine bottles, doctors, and sights that it isn't pleasant at all.

Be happy in your youth with the young, and don't grieve for the old man, for he only wants to go.

Father

Early in the morning of May 14, 1912, Strindberg's long struggle with life was over. Dying, he took the Bible in his tired hands and pressed it to his heart.

He had made exact arrangements for his burial. It was to take place

in the early morning — at just about the hour of our walks to school — because, he said, he had always loved the dawn. His grave was to be among those of the poor.

In spite of the early hour all Stockholm was there to take farewell of the strange genius who had lived among them. The streets were black with mourners. In the funeral procession were practically all the writers, actors, and artists of Sweden, and thousands of workers had lined up to give him their last salute.

But nearest to the coffin walked Anne-Marie — all alone. She looked very small and pale in a black sailor suit. She had been closest to him in life and was now closest also in death.

Strindberg on Love

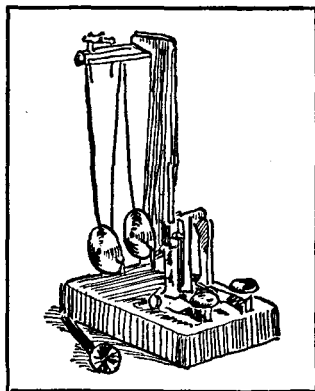
» I believe love to be like the hyacinth, which has to strike roots in the darkness before it can bring forth a strong flower. In this case it shoots up quickly, bringing forth blossom and seed at once, and for that reason the plant withers so soon.

AUGUST STRINDBERG, in his foreword to *MISS JULIE*.

Opinions

from

the Chronoscope



From the most popular "information" program on television — Longines Chronoscope — THE MERCURY brings its readers each month a few carefully selected opinions.

The program is televised each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11 P.M. Eastern Standard Time by CBS (Channel 2). William Bradford Huie, THE MERCURY's editor, conducts the discussions on these programs, which feature leading national and international figures, with a guest editor. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor or sponsor.

SEN. HENRY C. LODGE, JR.
(Rep.—Massachusetts)

THE HON. OSCAR CHAPMAN
(Secretary of the Interior)

HUGH GAITSKELL, M.P.

Senator Lodge on Eisenhower and the Presidential Campaign

MR. OGDEN REID, JR.: Senator, what subjects do you think General Eisenhower ought to deal with in his speeches? In short, what do you think the people in this country would like to know that they are not clear on as yet?

SENATOR LODGE: I think people are pretty clear about Eisenhower. I think most of the talk about not being clear comes from the campaign managers of his opponents. And I think one way not to run a campaign is to run it so as to please your opponents' campaign

managers. We had a big victory in Massachusetts, and a lot of people voted for Eisenhower. In fact, he ran very strong in the Democratic primary. Senator Taft's campaign manager said it was immoral; that we wanted to get Democrats and independents to vote for Eisenhower. Well, inasmuch as the Republicans only have thirty-one per cent of the vote, how are you going to win if you don't accept the Democrats and the independents?

MR. HUIE: Senator, there has been considerable thought and discussion about the tactics that General Eisenhower will use, and about his being warned to say nothing. Do you expect him to be forthright in his answers to questions when he returns here?

SENATOR LODGE: There is no question about it. He isn't going to have any tactics. We've never had any tactics in this campaign. We feel he is the most popular man; we feel he is the best qualified man. He is the man everybody wants, and our sole job is to see that the demand is translated into delegates. I think, of course, that he is going to be forthright. He always has been. He is going to be just as forthright in dealing with military and foreign questions. There isn't any doubt about that.

MR. HUIE: You don't think, then, that he is going to attempt to follow the tactic of saying nothing.

SENATOR LODGE: I think that is perfectly ridiculous. It is just as ridiculous as the rumor that was put out by his opponents that he was going to stay in uniform until after the convention. Of course, it isn't true. He is going to be in civilian clothes. He is going to be just as free to talk as he was as President of Columbia.

MR. REID: Well, Senator Lodge, it's clear where General Eisenhower stands on the subject of socialism, for example. But do you think that he should deal with particular things which are current, such as the steel strike, or the Taft-Hartley Law?

SENATOR LODGE: I don't think he should go into legislation that was enacted. Of course, his opponents would like him to say how he would have voted if he had been a senator during the last fifteen years. But he wasn't a senator and he wasn't exactly wasting his time, either. I can imagine no greater waste of the public's time than to try to figure out how he would have voted if he had been a senator all those years.

MR. REID: Do you feel that General Eisenhower will make very clear his opposition to the Administration's foreign policy in certain areas? Offhand, I can think of the Administration's policy, or lack of policy, with regard to China.

SENATOR LODGE: I don't know what he is going to say. He is going to

make up his own mind. I know that he's always been critical of the Administration's foreign policy. As far back as Potsdam, he told the President that we should make no concessions to the Russians to get them into the war against Japan. If the advice had been followed, we wouldn't have had the mistakes at Yalta, Poland wouldn't have been sold down the river, and China would have been saved instead of betrayed.

MR. HUIE: Let's come back for a moment to your point about its perhaps being immoral to attract Democrats into the Republican Party.

SENATOR LODGE: It's not my point; it's Dave Ingall's point. My point is that you can't possibly win by going around shaking hands with yourself all the time. You've got to attract Democrats and independents.

MR. REID: Following Eisenhower's sweeping victory in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and other states recently, do you think his chances for winning on the first ballot are pretty good at this point?

SENATOR LODGE: It's impossible to tell about the ballot this far ahead. You can't tell whether it's the first or the second, the third or the fourth.

MR. HUIE: Speaking as a Republican leader, do you think there will be any really serious wounds in the

Republican Party as a result of this coming convention? Do you expect to see a united party after the convention, whoever gets the nomination?

SENATOR LODGE: I certainly do, and I certainly hope so. I think Eisenhower is going to get the nomination; I think Eisenhower appeals to all elements in the Republican Party, all factions, all groups. He showed it in New Hampshire, he showed it in New Jersey, Massachusetts — everywhere that they've had a chance to express themselves.

Secretary Chapman on the Tidelands Issue and Federal Power

MR. BAKER: Mr. Secretary, we've had guests on this program who have strongly stated the states' rights position on the tidelands question. As you know, General Eisenhower has recently made a very vigorous statement on behalf of the same position. We would be interested in knowing your position on this matter.

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: I did not read the general's full letter that he had written to a gentleman in Texas. I only saw what was quoted in the press. I want to say, of course, that you've all seen so much in the press about the contest between the federal government and the state government regarding the title to the property. Well, the

Supreme Court had decided that issue in the terms of the title to the property, or to the rights, the paramount rights, within the property. That property consists of the area from the low-water mark seaward of the ocean area. Now, title to that property is vested in the federal government. We feel, I and the federal government officials with whom I deal and who are part of my responsibility, that that property is the property of all the people of America, and should not be given to any one state. For example, if Louisiana or Texas or California should be given all of the royalties from the use of this oil, or the sale of this oil, why shouldn't Colorado, my state, get all of the royalties from the oil lands that are on federal lands within that state?

MR. HUIE: As a matter of fact, Mr. Secretary, there is legislation pending which would in effect give those oil royalties to Texas, Louisiana, and California, is there not?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: Yes, there is a bill, one version of it has passed the House and the other the Senate, and the two bills are in committee with the conferees at the moment. I understand they have worked out some language between them and compromised it. I think it will probably come out about like the last one that was vetoed several years ago.

MR. HUIE: Would you like to predict what the President is likely to do if this legislation reaches him again, or what your recommendation to the President will be?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: I wouldn't like to predict what the President would do, but I would like to predict that I would recommend a veto if it comes out on the same principle as the last bill did.

MR. HUIE: If we are to understand you correctly, sir, you are opposed to the states' rights position. You believe that the federal government should get the oil revenues from the tidelands oil, and not the individual states.

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: That's right. I believe those individual states, the coastal states, should have some part of that royalty, just as we give Colorado and Wyoming 37½ per cent of the royalty that we collect in those states on public land. I think something of that kind should go to these coastal states, but I don't think they should have it all.

MR. HUIE: If we have read General Eisenhower's position correctly in his letter to Texas, he is taking the states' rights position and you, as a member of the present government, are taking the opposing position.

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: Correct.

MR. BAKER: Is this going to be an important issue in the coming campaign?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: I rather think it will be an issue. How important an issue it will be will depend somewhat upon what course the legislature takes and what action the President takes on it.

MR. HUIE: Sir, one of the things that has involved the Interior Department for a long time is the dispute over federal power. And you are in the power business, are you not?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: Yes, we are in the power business.

MR. HUIE: To what extent and how are you involved in the sale of public power?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: I think the simplest way to answer the first part of that question is to say that approximately ten per cent of the total production of the kilowatts in America is federally developed.

MR. BAKER: Is that on the uptrend?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: Slightly, but not as fast as the increased capacity for private power.

MR. HUIE: Is government moving more into the business of power. You say the government is now controlling ten per cent of it. How much does private industry generate now?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: Private industry has a capacity of about eighty per cent of the present production. And about ten per cent is produced and developed by other public agencies, such as

municipalities and state bodies. Take the State of Nebraska, for example. There are no private power companies in Nebraska.

MR. BAKER: Much of that power, Mr. Secretary, is a by-product of other functions of your Department, is that correct?

SECRETARY CHAPMAN: That's right. I'm glad you asked that because I didn't quite finish the other question. We're in the power business because in developing these multiple-purpose dams — a dam that can be useful for flood-control features, and a dam that can be useful for irrigation — these same dams can produce power. And the federal policy, as established by Congress, is that this power must be sold in a businesslike manner, and at reasonable cost and to preference customers. Those preference customers are municipal and public bodies and the farm co-ops.

Mr. Gaitskell on the British Labor Party

DONALD I. ROGERS: Mr. Gaitskell, now that you are no longer Chancellor of the Exchequer, you are probably the chief spokesman for the Labor Party, the opposition party in England. There is a belief in America, after watching the by-elections or local elections, that the Labor Party will come back into power. Do you believe this is true?

MR. GAITSKELL: I certainly hope and believe that we shall get back into power before very long.

MR. HUIE: As a spokesman for the Labor Party, what is your judgment of the present government? Of course, you must speak as a partisan, but what is your judgment of what the government is now doing?

MR. GAITSKELL: Mr. Huie, you've got me in a difficulty. We've got a tradition that when we are outside Britain we don't attack each other. And I think that's a good tradition. I shall do my attacking when I'm in Britain, but I don't want to make a party fight over here when the Conservatives aren't here to answer.

MR. ROGERS: We feel generally here in America that if we are criticized in Europe or in England, we are criticized by the members of the Labor Party. They're apt to be a trifle more critical of the United States than the Conservatives. Can you tell me some of the grounds on which the Labor Party criticizes us?

MR. GAITSKELL: I wouldn't agree that the Labor Party was particularly critical of America.

MR. ROGERS: Well, for example, isn't the Labor Party critical of our plans for rearming Europe?

MR. GAITSKELL: Not for rearming Europe. There is a certain amount of anxiety in the Labor Party and in Britain generally about the

rearmament of Germany. But that's not unnatural. We've had two wars with Germany, and a lot of people are frightened that if you give them the arms, it may not be quite so sure which way they'll turn.

MR. ROGERS: The United States had those same two wars with Germany.

MR. GAITSKELL: I know, but we are a bit nearer to Germany than you.

MR. HUIE: Mr. Gaitskell, you are a socialist, aren't you?

MR. GAITSKELL: That's right.

MR. HUIE: Isn't it in the nature of a man who is a socialist to be more or less afraid of a non-socialist economy or government? Don't you regard us as sort of a loose cannon on the deck? Should our economy sag, are you afraid of what we may do to the world economy?

MR. GAITSKELL: First of all, I would certainly not agree that because I am a socialist I am in the least afraid or concerned about relations with other countries that aren't socialist. As a matter of fact, there is every kind of degree between what you might call the knock-about capitalism and the extreme type of planned socialism. We are, I suppose, somewhere in the middle.

MR. ROGERS: You feel there is a difference between what we consider socialism and what the British regard as socialism?

MR. GAITSKELL: I should denote an enormous difference from what a lot of Americans think of as socialism. They're apt to confuse it with Communism, which is an entirely different affair. Democratic socialism is really democratic in exactly the same way as you are and we are, and we believe in that and we are passionately devoted to it.

MR. HUIE: Let's take an example that most of us are familiar with, — state medicine. The Labor Party initiated what we know as state medicine in Britain, did it not?

MR. GAITSKELL: The National Health Service.

MR. HUIE: Recently there has been an effort to charge something for that service. Did you oppose that effort to charge people for some of this service that the state is now rendering?

MR. GAITSKELL: First of all, the National Health Service was a conception which was thought of during the coalition government; both parties were to a considerable extent committed to it. Let's be clear about that.

MR. ROGERS: The coalition government, sir, was the government that prevailed during the war?

MR. GAITSKELL: Under Mr. Churchill, that's right.

MR. HUIE: So you are saying the matter of state medicine was not a political matter then in Britain.

MR. GAITSKELL: Not in principle at all. There was this agreement; plans were prepared for a National Health Service. I'm not saying that the Conservatives went all the way with us in exactly what was done. But as to the charges you asked about, when I was Chancellor of the Exchequer, we did introduce certain charges because we thought they were justifiable. The Tories or Conservatives have gone rather further than that, a good deal further, and in ways which we think will bring a good deal of hardship and also be extremely difficult to work. Therefore, we've opposed it.

MR. ROGERS: What of the future of Britain, sir? Americans are primarily concerned with the future of Britain because we've had more or less to assume the role internationally that Britain has surrendered since World War II.

MR. GAITSKELL: America is a very powerful and rich country. Your gross national product, as the experts call it, is, I think, seven or eight times as large as ours. And obviously your power in the world is immense. But we believe that Britain has a very important role to play in partnership with you.

MR. ROGERS: Will Britain be self-sustaining in this partnership?

MR. GAITSKELL: I don't say we have not got some problems to overcome, but I would hope so.

MR. HUIE: There are two criticisms I'm sure many people in this country level at Britain now, and at the Labor government. We think that perhaps you are too friendly with Russia and too anxious to trade with Russia. I believe that you are an advocate of a greater measure of trade between Britain and Soviet Russia. Is that true?

MR. GAITSKELL: We have to trade with Russia because we depend upon Russia, unfortunately, for timber, and for coarse grains for feeding our livestock. That is the main argument for us.

MR. ROGERS: Is it necessary to sell Russia machine tools in order to get her timber?

MR. GAITSKELL: We are not selling Russia strategic materials.

MR. HUIE: Many Americans believe that through Hong Kong or elsewhere Britain may be furnishing our enemy with materials that are used against our men in Korea. Are there any grounds for that?

MR. GAITSKELL: I think there are absolutely no grounds for it at all. We dealt with that very firmly when the Labor government was in power. But let me just come back at you with this. You are buying quite a lot from the Iron Curtain countries and putting dollars into their hands at the moment.

MR. HUIE: So, you're saying that you are not alone in trading; that we ourselves are now trading extensively.

MR. GAITSKELL: Certainly you are.

MR. HUIE: Do you think that next year, for instance, Britain will trade more extensively with the Soviet countries?

MR. GAITSKELL: We should be prepared to trade with them providing it does not involve strategic materials. But if they will take our textiles, I see no harm in that at all. It will enable us to buy things we need very badly.

MR. ROGERS: Don't you regard yarn as strategic material?

MR. GAITSKELL: No. I wouldn't have thought ordinary cotton yarn would be treated like that.

MR. ROGERS: Even if it can be woven into uniforms?

MR. GAITSKELL: It is always a difficult problem to draw the line exactly. But I ask you to put yourselves in our place. It's not from any particular love for trading with Russia. It is simply the fact that we have always depended on them for timber and coarse grains and one or two other things, and we have to sell them something in order to buy from them. The way we look at it is, is it going to harm them or us more if this trade is cut off? We think it would harm us a good deal more.

BOOKS

William Phillips

European Fiction

The Shift Away from the Grandiose

RECENTLY, four of the more important European writers have had new novels published here: Alberto Moravia, Henry Green, Marcel Aymé, Manes Sperber. Coming together in this way, they bring into focus a pattern or, at least, some of the major tendencies of contemporary writing abroad. For all their many differences, most European writers today are quite sophisticated, either in a literary, or political, or worldly way; some are very witty and relaxed; some have a strong sense of fatality which takes the form of an easygoing cynicism or mood of tragic defeat. And sex, sometimes in its own right, sometimes disguised as love, politics, or morality, has become the hero of much recent fiction.

Postwar European literature shows a sharp change in mood from the period that produced the gigantic

figures of Joyce, Proust, Mann, Gide, Kafka. The difference is not simply one of quality. What marked the early period was a preoccupation with large moral and philosophical themes, with esthetic form and innovation, with the big canvas and the subtle theme. In contrast, the new generation has been concerned with less monumental and more contemporary themes, and most of the writing has been simpler, less ambitious, aiming at more immediate, often more popular, consumption.

Writers like Koestler, Carlo Levi, and Sartre have been concerned with the conditions of life in Europe today; while others like Graham Greene and Henry Green have worked a lighter vein, producing works of considerable grace, charm, and narrative tension. At the same time, such novelists as Moravia and

Aymé seem to have combined the contemporary feeling with the light touch, creating a palatable fiction out of some of the forbidding themes haunting Europe today. Only Camus appears to be carrying on the earlier tradition of European fiction, in his two brooding novels *The Stranger* and *The Plague*, whose subject is man's moral loneliness. But even Camus' works have something of a casual air, as though they were marginal comments on the human dilemma, rather than attempts to re-create it through the very gravity and scope of the novel itself.

These tendencies are, of course, symptomatic of the general state of Europe today. The search for the universal theme in the first part of the century was made possible by a feeling of social stability, which led people to assume that the future would not be very much different from the past or the present. Since the war, however, and for at least a decade before, Europe has been tired, floundering, and desperately trying to stave off internal collapse or conquest from the East. The prevailing mood, like that of a sanatorium, has been that life is lived from day to day, with one's ultimate fate dependent on politics, which is both a daily and a distant force.

Most intellectuals on the Continent, including those whose main interests up to now have been esthetic, have become absorbed in politics, but though the typical

European is a political man, he cannot solve his political problems; he is therefore inclined to take things as they come. Hence European writing tends to have a social frame and to touch on philosophical and moral problems arising out of the immediate crisis, or it simply creates the feel of existence in the moment.

PERHAPS MOST SYMPTOMATIC is the highly publicized figure of Jean-Paul Sartre, popularly known as the apostle of existentialism. Few people in this country, however, are aware that Sartre is a highly political man, a kind of Marxist, and one of the leading exponents of neutralism. His position is actually a forced marriage of Marxism and existentialism, in which the emphasis of existentialism on man's existence here and now is combined with a belief in the socialist salvation of Europe and a very ambiguous attitude toward the Communist movement, whose methods he hesitates to condemn because he is attracted to its aims. Sartre makes much of man's moral capacity to choose freely and to choose freedom, but it usually turns out that the choice is between socialism and capitalism; and while Sartre takes a strong stand against America, which he identifies with capitalism, he is not sure about Russia because he cannot make up his mind whether Russia is socialist or not.

Sartre, however, presents himself as a literary man as well as an ideolo-

gist, and I suppose it is as such that he must be judged finally. My own feeling is that his critical writing is bright, often perceptive, and creatively energetic, but marred by many of his foolish socio-political notions. As for his novels, I must confess that I have found these attempts at applying his ideas to the contemporary situation boring and lacking in fictional verve. The best of his fiction I think can be found in some of the short stories in a collection recently published in this country, entitled *Intimacy*.¹ But he is usually carried away by his theories; perhaps the best example of the kind of absurdity that can be committed by a writer without a sure literary sense and obsessed by a propagandist theme is Sartre's play, *The Respectable Prostitute*, an indictment of the American South. Appallingly ignorant of the conditions it condemns, the play sounds like a parody of the school of social consciousness.

If we think of Sartre as a philosophical writer, a political thinker, and a "painter of modern life," there are at least three of his contemporaries whose achievement in each of these fields is more serious. On the political side, Koestler has written much more meaningful essays and novels than Sartre, who, in this genre, has actually stylized his own confusions. I also think that Camus, who has written a kind of philosophical and moral novel and who has

been concerned with many of the problems agitating Sartre, is immensely superior both as a creative and a critical figure. And Louis Guilloux, like Sartre, a social novelist, has produced much more sensitive and moving fiction. An early novel by Guilloux, *Bitter Victory*, appeared some years ago in translation, and a new novel, *Le Jeu de Patience*, a story of people in a French town caught in the web of war, politics, and their traditional beliefs, was published in France in 1950.

OF THE FOUR EUROPEAN NOVELS recently published in this country, two are about politics, two about sex — one combines sex and politics — and all of them have an atmosphere of intimacy and familiarity, as though they were describing a world of facts we knew and fantasies we took for granted. Sperber's *The Abyss*² has the inescapable grimness of Communist politics; Moravia's *The Fancy Dress Party*³ is a tragic farce of political and sexual intrigue; Aymé's *The Second Face*⁴ fabricates a game of hide-and-seek between marriage and sex; Henry Green's *Doing*⁵ is a comedy of manners spinning around the subject of seduction.

Moravia, who has become quite

¹ *New Directions*. 270 pp. \$2.50.

² *Doubleday*. 348 pp. \$3.75.

³ *Farrar, Straus and Young*. 304 pp. \$3.00.

⁴ *Harper*. 182 pp. \$2.50.

⁵ *Viking*. 248 pp. \$3.00.

popular in this country, is a master of unadorned sensuality. Most of his novels and stories are steeped in sexuality, which is presented not in its twists or refinements or as something determining and cutting across other human motives, but simply as a natural and primary force that is both the passion and pastime of mankind. Moravia seems to have been drawn to the prostitute, who appears frequently as a major figure in his fiction, probably because the figure of the prostitute gives sex a professional, full-time status. Also, many of his characters are full-time libertines who preserve their amateur standing. On the whole, it is Moravia's women who possess the enchantments of sex, for while some of his heroes work at seduction, many of them turn out to be victims of a feminine imperialism — one suspects that sex for Moravia is a great female force like the earth, the ocean, or one's mother country.

The Fancy Dress Party, written while Mussolini was still alive and suppressed by the government, is obviously a parable of the fascist regime. Two interwoven plots make up this story of a party for the dictator of the country given by the provincial aristocracy of a small town: a fake plot to assassinate the dictator, manufactured by the chief of police to entrench himself; and a genuine plot by an overripe young widow, who has been free-lancing as a mistress, to gain a rich concession

for her brother by permitting herself to be seduced by the dictator. The political web is spun by an assistant to the police chief, a clever *agent provocateur* with the dedication of an artist to his profession; he enlists a deformed and half-witted malcontent in what he presents as the revolutionary cause of removing the dictator and liberating the country. The sexual web takes in the general, who is torn between his official pride and his lust; the widow, who moves from one affair to another like an industrialist with many enterprises under his control; and one of her lovers, an overgrown adolescent, who has become involved in the fake assassination plot in a desperate effort to save the purity of his mistress for himself. The minor sequences of the narrative are kept going either by the political maneuvers of petty officials, or by the sexual maneuvers of old ladies carrying their titles to bed with them, women servants grateful for every sexual crumb, and bumpkins offering the charms of the hayloft.

I do not want to leave the impression that Moravia's writing is solely about sex. He has great natural gifts as a writer, which makes his fiction lively and perceptive, moving with quick and easy strokes; and his subject is actually larger than sex, encompassing the moods as well as the political strains of contemporary life. In his *The Conformist*, for example,

published last year, he also wove a sexual into a political theme, but he did create an image of the cynicism and depravity of fascist machinations, and the combined symbolism of personal and political lust provided a human dimension for totalitarian behavior. Similarly, *The Fancy Dress Party* conveys the flavor of life in a dictatorship by relating the confusion of means and ends in politics to sex.

MARCEL AYMÉ may not be the best French writer going, but he is probably the wittiest, the most urbane, and the most delectable. Like Moravia, a writer of great natural ease and skill, Aymé reversed the common development of the European literary man by beginning as a popular writer and ending as a serious one. But even at his most serious he has not lost the graceful and charming touch that makes his novels so easy to take. Aymé is also one of the few European artists to resist an esthetic or radical stance. In a recently published critical work, *Le Comfort Intellectuel*, he develops the idea, perhaps not too profoundly but very cleverly and with much common sense, that the modern writer is a "bourgeois," a part of middle-class civilization, and that the revolutionary uniforms he tries on from time to time never really fit him.

Some of Aymé's earlier novels, like *The Barkeep of Blémont*, and sev-

eral short stories are set in the gray area between morality and immorality under the occupation, where the most shady kinds of adventurism merged with the forces of liberation as well as with the struggle for sheer survival. His new novel, *The Second Face*, is, however, a delightful domestic fantasy — a fantasy of adultery kept within legal and moral bounds. The marital bond snaps when a solid, prosperous merchant with an unprepossessing face, attractive wife, and two loving children to keep the home fires burning, suddenly acquires a new, irresistible look, by some miracle of spiritual surgery. Since no one is able to recognize him, and women now melt in his presence, he begins to dream of the adventures that had been barred to him by his homely face and by the morality he had developed by way of compensation. But his old morality lingers on, interfering with his rakish appearance, and he decides to have both his morality and his fun by seducing his own wife. Aymé handles the comic and the salacious sides of the situation with great nimbleness: the wife is torn between pleasure and duty, though her sense of duty seems to be strongest in her moments of pleasure, while the husband cannot decide whether he is a cuckold or a Don Juan, or just who is the victim of the amorous masquerade.

Of course, virtue triumphs in the end, since the situation was so con-

ceived from the beginning, but vice has its moments, too, if only symbolically, in the form of libidinous dreams which are none the less real though they remain technically safe. In this sense, the novel is a parable not only of sexuality but also of middle-class decorum, and one can see beneath the playful surface Aymé's favorite theme of moral ambiguity. Just as Aymé indicated in his earlier works that there were no clear-cut standards by which to judge many of the operations of the black market in France, so in this novel he seems to be presenting some of the paradoxes of middle-class morality.

HENRY GREEN is a writer of little masterpieces. Some are unsuccessful, but all have the quality of perfectly proportioned, graceful objects, impeccable in tone, rhythm, and shape. All his novels are slight, usually organized around a single point, suggested by the one-word title, with a highly stylized simplicity of tone. They are very talky, for Green seems to have a flair for a kind of perpetual dialogue, which is at the same time natural and highly mannered, and he keeps his novels going with high-powered small talk that actually creates not only the conversation of his characters but the situations in which they move. Some of the novels I find a little boring and overrun by bright, little words prancing across the pages. But

the best of them, like *Loving* or *Party Going*, are wonderfully comic, charming, and suggestive — perhaps the highest form of minor writing possible today.

I think *Doting*, Green's new novel, is one of his best works. It is a delightful comedy of sexual manners, essentially a very gentle, almost sympathetic satire on the world in which everyone is on the verge of an affair and the line between respectability and philandering is very thin, since flirting is the normal, sophisticated relation between the sexes. The cast includes a middle-aged couple, ready for a bit of excitement that will not strain the marriage too much, two footloose young women, out to learn the ways of the world, and a widower who has a hard time keeping sex from interfering with friendship — all cutting across each other's lecheries, jealousies, and loyalties in a series of amorous maneuvers. It all begins when the aging husband and one of the young women take a fancy to each other, playing with the idea of an affair while pretending, even to themselves, to observe all the proprieties. The wife, strictly in self-defense, plays at seduction with the widower, a friend of the family, who first makes dates with the young women presumably to help out the husband but finally cannot himself resist the temptations of the sexual game. So they rotate about each other's desires, scheming and lusting, but

never breaking the sacred bonds of decorum and always preserving the conventions of the family. In the end, nobody is too unhappy or unduly hurt, and we are left with the feeling that if people stray a bit it is all harmless and merely serves to relieve the boredom.

The atmosphere of playfulness in the novel and its light moral tone is partly created by the fact that it is composed mostly of talk and actually very little happens. In this respect, Green is quite traditional, reminding us of the British Restoration writers, especially the dramatists, whose stock-in-trade was a verbal wit and a sophisticated attitude to sex.

OUR FOURTH NOVELIST, Manes Sperber, differs in many ways from the other three. A political writer, he is mainly interested in the meaning of events and their effect on people. His new novel, *The Abyss*, is the second of a tetralogy — the first, *The Burned Bramble*, appeared last year — that will be a chronicle in fiction of the Communist movement in Europe. There have been several novels on the Russian regime or on some specific aspect of Communism but, so far as I know, Sperber is the first to write about the network of the Communist International. In a way, Sperber's fiction is the European counterpart of Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, which dissected the

mind of the Russian Communist.

The Abyss, taking up where the first novel ended — with the disillusionment and break with the party of many leading functionaries, and the murder of a party chief in Moscow when he refuses to confess to trumped-up crimes — carries its ex-Communist heroes through the opening of World War II and the fall of France. Essentially it is the story of their attempt to find their political and psychological bearings in the tortured process of conversion from conscious Communism to conscious anti-Communism. Sperber's earlier novel described the moral decomposition of the Communist movement as it resorted to the most vicious means to justify its presumably sacred ends. Perhaps the most shocking revelations were the deals made by the GPU and the Gestapo, in which Communists were handed over to the Nazis for some minor conspiratorial advantage. As a result, many disillusioned Communists were willing to break even at the risk of their lives, while those who remained were transformed into professional cynics who could rationalize any crime. The new novel covers the period of shock and readjustment of those who broke the umbilical cord.

The force of the novel is carried less by the narrative — which is made up mostly of shifting scenes in which the main characters are dramatically confronted with the organized brutality of the Commu-

nists on one side and the disorganized ineptness of the old-line politicians on the other — than by the atmosphere of tragic illusion and confusion built up by the author through a kind of documentary honesty and an eye for the effect of politics on human destinies. One of the most striking episodes in the novel describes the extinction by the GPU of a leading operative who has become disaffected; though he knows from his own experience just what his fate will be, he cannot use his professional cunning to save himself because he cannot conceive of a new life outside the party. On the whole, Sperber's strength lies in his historical intelligence, which enables him to illuminate the merger of political and personal motivations and to place Communism in both a historical and human perspective.

Of the four, Sperber's novel has the greatest density and sense of relevance, mainly because his theme is one that seems most central to our time. The other three are closer to the traditional literary forms in that their subject is absorbed into the play of the novel itself. But all of them reflect the shift away from the grandiose theme, taking in all of human consciousness, to a single aspect of contemporary life or some elementary situation that carries its own meaning. If this marks an esthetic loss, it is at least partly compensated for by the great charm and amusement of much European writing. There are, of course, more ambitious writers than Aymé, Green, or Moravia, but few can match their artistry, their sophistication, and their engaging ironies.

BOOKS IN SHORT

***The Defense of Western Europe.* By Drew Middleton. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 313 pp. \$3.50.** One of the most significant results of World Wars I and II has been the swift decline in power of Western Europe, the heart of the Occident, and the corresponding rise of the vast peripheral areas of the United States and the Soviet Union. Today in France an American general is struggling mightily to raise twelve or fourteen divisions, where only a little more than a decade ago one hundred or so French divisions were able to take the field. Yet the New World continues to believe in the Old; as Drew Middleton remarks in *The Defense of Western Europe*, General Dwight Eisenhower's headquarters near Paris represents "quite plainly the physical embodiment of an act of faith," of America's faith in Europe.

Eisenhower has based his effort to create a European defense force on the conviction that "there is in . . . the free world generally sufficient force . . . and resources to take care of ourselves and make sure that we are not attacked as long as we . . . don't become aggressive, and as long as we are animated by some basic desire for security towards a common purpose." While opposed

to any nationalist desire to go it alone, whether in Europe or the United States, and while recognizing that the British, for example, will fight only "as allies, not as vassals," Eisenhower still has a characteristically American faith in the Continental idea; Middleton notes that he often exhorts the nationalistic citizens of Western Europe to "think on European terms rather than on French or German or Dutch terms."

What Eisenhower and many other Americans forget is that physically it would be much easier for the British and Americans to reunite within the framework of King George III's Empire than it would be to reconstitute the medieval empire of Charlemagne (and without a Charlemagne). The Dutch and Scandinavians refuse to join an effective Franco-German Union without the reassurance of having Great Britain as an integral partner. Britain, in turn, considering herself a non- or extra-European society, will commit herself to Europe only so far as the United States is willing to do so. Which is why we have a North Atlantic Treaty Organization, rather than an essentially unreal European Union.

As a clear-cut Europe Firster, Drew Middleton is convinced that

the principal problem for the West is to defend as much of Europe as is possible against a Soviet attack (an attack which incidentally he believes will certainly come). Moreover, Middleton believes that if purely military considerations prevail with the Russians, they will launch their assault in the next year or two, before the West's strength has grown too great. Although the initial Soviet forces in Germany available for the conquest of Western Europe currently comprise only some thirty-six or so divisions, as against the approximately twenty-five NATO divisions near the Rhine, there is the uncomfortable fact that one hundred or more Russian divisions lie in a ready reserve in Eastern Europe, not to mention the seventy or more Soviet satellite divisions.

One must commend Middleton for trenchantly stating, in contradiction to the expectations of the isolationist-minded in America, that the next war will be fought by "the Army, Air Force and Navy of the United States in that order." If Middleton seems to me unduly pessimistic about the defense of the Scandinavian left flank, his stress upon the offensive possibilities of NATO's strong right flank in the Balkans points up a Western asset too often overlooked. Indeed, Middleton implies that it might be wise to give more support to such tougher if smaller countries as Turkey and Yugoslavia, at the expense

of the more lethargic French and Italians.

The Defense of Western Europe takes a middle-of-the-road position on the fundamental problem of arming Germany. Middleton seriously doubts the capacity of any future German state to wage an aggressive war, at the same time that he praises Eisenhower's political realism in advocating Germany's entry into a European army as the best way of reassuring her neighbors about her future intentions. An ardent defense of Great Britain's will-to-fight, an honest appreciation of the inadequacies of the Marshall Plan in its present form as an anti-Communist weapon, and a salutary recognition of the need for American spiritual as well as material leadership, wind up this journalistic but unusually level-headed précis of the military situation in Europe today.

TRUMBULL HIGGINS

***Wise Blood.* By Flannery O'Connor. Harcourt, Brace. 232 pp. \$3.00.** A first novel by a young writer from Savannah, Georgia, *Wise Blood* is full of violence, primitivism, degeneracy and decay, and is smack in the tradition of Southern fiction as it runs from Poe to Faulkner. But, I was astonished to discover as I read along in the story, it is also a religious and philosophical novel, a very rare bird in this genre of writing. I don't mean to imply by this that there are no Big Ideas in the

works of a Faulkner. There are, but only implicitly and as it were unwittingly, and the reader has to get them out of the story for himself; whereas the elements of *Wise Blood*'s story — the traditional elements of Southern fiction, as I have said — are manipulated to yield an idea directly.

Manipulated, which is perfectly all right, but also rigged — which is why *Wise Blood* doesn't really come off. Still, one must admire the boldness and originality of the effort.

The hero of the novel is Hazel Motes, a young country fellow from Tennessee who goes to the city to preach the "Church Without Christ." Haze is a fantastic and sullen hillbilly nihilist — "'Listen,' he said, 'get this: I don't believe in anything.'" Mounted on the nose of his "rat-colored Essex" he proclaims: "'I preach there are all kinds of truth, your truth and somebody else's, but behind all of them, there's only one truth and that is that there's no truth. . . . No truth behind all truths is what I and this church preach!'"

In the course of the story Haze tangles with a fake blind man and his imperturbably delinquent, Erskine Caldwellian daughter; runs over and kills an impostor of himself (" 'You ain't true,' Haze said. 'What do you get up on top of a car and say you don't believe in what you do believe in for?'"); and angrily pitches out of the window a shrunk-

mummy that Enoch Emery, whose blood is prophetic ("wise"), filches from a museum showcase to present to Haze as the "new Jesus." When a patrolman pushes his cherished forty-dollar rattletrap over an embankment, he goes back to his rooming house and blinds himself. (The fake blind man in the story, we learn, had promised to blind himself at a revival "to justify his belief that Christ Jesus had redeemed him," but then his nerve had failed him. Haze, however, who says that "Nobody with a good car needs to be justified," unlike the world, really has conviction and faith, and when he loses his "good car" doesn't hesitate to blind himself.) He dies, blind and sick in a ditch, under the casual tap of the billy of a cop sent to pick him up for non-payment of rent.

The satiric fantasticality of the story tips over into a deliberate lunacy whose rather labored religious point is: This is a horrid and hollow and unbelieving world we live in. Haze's crazy faith in nothingness is a true religiosity that shows up the emptiness of our own "normal" canting affirmations. The hillbilly nihilist is the true believer, a saint that the world cannot recognize; sin is real for him, and through sin he finds his way to God. (His landlady finds Haze, full of the sense of his "uncleanliness," blind in bed with barbed wire wrapped around his chest. This, she thinks, is abnormal: "'It's like one of them

gory stories, it's something that people have quit doing — like boiling in oil or being a saint or walling up cats,' she said. 'There's no reason for it. People have quit doing it.'

" 'They ain't quit doing it as long as I'm doing it,' he said. . . .

" 'It's easier to bleed than sweat, Mr. Motes,' she said in the voice of High Sarcasm. 'You must believe in Jesus or you wouldn't do these foolish things. You must have been lying to me when you named your fine church. I wouldn't be surprised if you weren't some kind of a agent of the pope. . . . '")

The religious ideas here are those of such French Catholics as Charles Péguy and Léon Bloy, which the standard ingredients of Southern fiction are ingeniously made to serve. Too ingeniously, for in the end you feel that the ideas have not emerged inevitably and convincingly from the story.

But the author of *Wise Blood* clearly has great gifts. You would never guess from the vigor and boldness of the writing that Flannery O'Connor is a woman. Her humor is the best thing in the book, in particular all that part of the story dealing with Haze's buying, driving and eventual losing of the rattletrap rat-colored Essex. Occasionally the humor — like the novel's ideas — falls flat from laboring, but this can be chalked up to the writer's youthfulness. I'm curious to see Miss O'Connor's next novel. M. G.

Rome and a Villa. By Eleanor Clark. Doubleday, 315 pp. \$4.00. "A Memoir of Rome" would have been a more exact, though certainly less beguiling, title for this collection of notes, observations, essays, discussions, and discourses — all growing out of the author's extended sojourn in Rome. There is one departure, in locale and also somewhat in style — a sort of news story, a very literary news story, about the Sicilian bandit, Salvatore Giuliano; it seems just a little out of place in a book that for all its seeming sketchiness and multiformity has a surprising unity. It is not the kind of book you skip around in. Once started, you read straight through to the end, and with sustained interest. Especially if you have your own memory of Rome.

It is inevitable that to those who have also sojourned in Rome, Miss Clark may here and there, and sometimes even often, seem rather perverse in her keen-edged and relentless judgments. With a very sure — though not, it must be emphasized, heavy — foot, she will suddenly and almost shockingly tread on a site particularly treasured in recollection. But one thing is certain — she knows Rome. When she describes the Piazza del Popolo as "a fascinating crossroads, a place to sit a while, but far too big and unprotective really to live in," you have it all back again not only before your eyes but in your being. It is the same

when she pictures the children in the streets: "These are the boys painted by Caravaggio, with all the tough seductive wisdom of the city, the toying challenge miles beyond any illusion, in their eyes; painted sometimes, in their careless open shirts, as child saints, when all their sublimity is of the rock bottom." And of the beggars: "It is very rare for Romans not to give to them, at least a few times every day. They do not give out of kindness or because anyone is deserving, there is no buying of conscience in it, they just give; it is another kind of flowing out, and if the beggars were properly taken care of, as has been tried sometimes, everybody would feel that a natural outlet had been blocked and they had been somehow shut back in themselves." And, of course, of the cats: "Thousands of cats; a city of cats, as of fountains and churches, and as naturally . . . there they are, not worshiped or pampered or feared or in any way consciously honored, but honored just the same, rather as the fountains are; with which after all they do have one function in common. They are a link with the past, that is with all time."

But Miss Clark, it seems to me, went through her Roman experience with a definite lack and a definite prejudice. They are combined in this brief description of Rome: "A place of no grandeur whatever of any kind you expected, ravaged by

fascist vulgarities." On the whole, she seems to have a somewhat limited interest in and relation to ancient Rome, in spite of her brilliantly conceived, imaginative discourse, constituting Part II of the book, on "Hadrian's Villa" (the "villa" of the title). Rome does have an undeniable grandeur that springs from her antiquity, from the ruins of the period of her greatest glory. This is not to imply that Miss Clark skipped over those ruins; but in her writing of them she seems rather less at home than with the fountains and the piazzas, or even with the churches, though she is the farthest thing from reverent or devout.

Added to this lack, and in a subtle way part of it, is Miss Clark's inability to dispossess her mind of Italy's late unlamented regime. And so her quite natural dislike of fascism creeps into her eyes at odd moments to color and even change what she saw. There are, of course, vulgarities of monster art in Rome, and since they were placed there under Mussolini's aegis, it is perhaps correct to typify them as fascist. But there are not so many as Miss Clark seems to imply. She feels, for instance, depressed on the Via dei Fori Imperiali, an avenue designed and used by the Black Shirts as a "propaganda and parade street." A person either more interested in the *fori imperiali* and/or less determined to hold the recent present near would not be likely to share Miss Clark's depres-

sion. In Rome, as in few cities on earth, time is a continuity. Waves good and evil have rolled over Rome, dropped their debris, and ebbed away. The very recent present is little more than the very remote past, only shinier. To carry a firm political conviction to a country is one thing; to take along a prejudice that will intrude upon one's reception of what that country has to offer of beauty and learning is to diminish in advance the full adventure of being in a strange land.

But that is the extent of my criticism of Eleanor Clark's beautifully written memoir of Rome. She is always sensitively alive, often poetically responsive. She is also, whether she meant to be or not, sometimes heartbreakingly tender: in her story of the child saint Maria Goretti, with its truly sublime ending; in her paragraphs on Raphael; in her portrayal of the mother of the bandit Giuliano. And she is completely delightful when she writes of people, not people she knew, but those she encountered along the way: the newspaper vendor Carolina, the café proprietor's gay small grandson Rodolfo, the Roman poet G. G. Belli, who died in 1863, but in the two thousand sonnets he left told her a good deal about himself and most of all about Rome and its people.

The book is made even more pleasing by Eugene Berman's draw-

ings, whose realism adds to its nostalgic charm.

F. N.

***Six Angels at My Back.* By John Bell Clayton. Macmillan. 200 pp. \$1.50.** John Bell Clayton is a newspaperman who has successfully tried his hand during the last few years at writing short stories. *Six Angels at My Back* is his first novel. It is a crafty, promising book, full of atmosphere, subtle and tough, and vibrating with a particular kind of imaginative realism that has—in a very American way—some of the qualities we find in certain French or Italian films, in Duvivier, De Sica, and even Pagnol. *Six Angels at My Back* tells the story of three “whitetrash” youngsters—Ed Greaver, nineteen, Turkey, twenty-one, and his pretty, nineteen-year-old wife, Mae—who live on the fringe of society, in a dilapidated shack in Florida. They steal a little, fish, work off and on, trying to make “just enough to get along on, with maybe a little left over for going looking at the Beach.”

They are decent kids at heart—with a strong dash of Huck Finn in their blood—but a bit off the track: “What chance did people like Turkey and Mae and me have for anything better?” And if it had not been for Bible, the strange big guy with dreamy eyes and the queer green shoes, everything would have worked out somehow. But Bible gets them in trouble, serious trouble,

by deliberately killing a man who catches them breaking into his summer house. (This slow moving, trance-like scene is the gruesome pivotal point of the story.) Ed, in a desperate move, finally squares accounts with Bible before he gives himself up.

At first all I could smell was the gunpowder, and then that went away and I could smell some orange blossoms. I went walking slow across the lawn, past some lounging chairs old Dr. Fairless and his friends used to lay in the sun in. I used to stop by there once in a while with a couple of fish, and Dr. Fairless would stroll across the lawn and say: "Bless you, Eddie boy. The Lord be with you and your angels staunchly behind you." I went on down under the big still royal palms and poincianas and live oaks with moss hanging down. As I went by, I reached up and got a piece of moss in my fingers and just felt it. It felt dry on the outside but kind of live and fresh when you squeezed it.

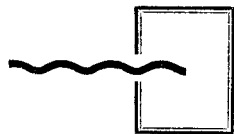
It is this narrative tone that gives the story its quality and charm, and takes it out of the realm of the usual adventure yarn or story of adolescence. And the fact that this book leaves you somewhat curious, in the end, as to Mr. Clayton's intent is perhaps an indication that he has no sociological or ideological ax to grind, no message to spell out but the one that life is a complex, lonely, and uncertain affair.

The theme of this novel is perhaps best summed up by Ed, who is sitting on his porch while Turkey carts away a load of stolen mangos.

"I got to think how some folks say you're born under a certain star. I wondered what stars people like Mae and Turkey and me and Jap Painter were born under. I wondered if there *were* any stars up there for us. I wondered if they hadn't started to make them and then found something important to do and then just kind of laid them aside."

G. ST.

DOWN TO EARTH



the worm in the ear

Alan Devoe

ONE OF the easiest illusions to entertain as a chronic state of mind is the thought that we human creatures are a numerically prominent — indeed a major, almost a lone — life form upon an earth on which “the rest” of nature is only a sort of obscure background. This is not a “thought,” exactly; rather it is an impression, a mood, a way of feeling about things, and on this account is all the more powerful and persistent. When we think or speak of “world affairs,” for instance, what ordinarily we mean is exclusively the affairs of human beings. When we call a newsreel or a newspaper *The News of the World*, the news we have in mind is people-news. There is a kind of picture-thinking, whether sharply detailed or dim and blurry, that provides every man with his habitual world view; and in the customary picture which we carry about with us we see

Man delineated very big and central, and “the rest” of creation as only a kind of hazy fringe and background.

It is understandable that we should do this. After all, consciousness, in our species, has attained to self-consciousness; and the self is so absorbingly fascinating that it is difficult to think much about anything else. During the early days of our kind, intrusions of “the rest” of nature into our life were so frequent and drastic that we could scarcely lose sight of it altogether — wild beasts charged into our camp and kicked over the campfire, snakes reared up from behind a log on the forest trail and threatened us — but in subsequent ages we have so tamed and subjugated nature, and so effectively immured ourselves in great cities from which we have nearly banished every kind of creature but ourself, that it has

become not merely easy but almost automatic for us to think of ourselves as a populous conqueror on a planet where little else lives or is of account.

Easy and understandable as our notion may be, it continues as frail and false an illusion as ever it was, from the first moment when it began to dawn in our sloping ape skull.

The skyscrapers of a great city may look as powerful and dominant as they please. A half-minute charge by an earthquake can send them all sprawling and splintering as completely as ever a campfire was scattered by a rhinoceros. The water that comes out of the chromium faucet may seem so dependable and man-controlled a thing that it is virtually divorced from any dependence on "the rest" of nature. The rain need stop falling for only a few weeks upon a distant unseen forest land beyond the great city's edge, and behold we can twist and jiggle the faucet all we like and nothing comes out but parched air; nor will we conjure one drop of water by any infuriated roaring that we are a well-known millionaire and a director in eight corporations. "The conquest of disease," we may murmur complacently to ourselves, rubbing our hands and looking at our big steel-and-glass clinic and popping a vitamin pill into our mouth; but there need arrive in our midst only one unexpected invading bug — one wandering visitor from

that teeming "rest" of creation which throngs everywhere just outside our little barriers — and suddenly we are lying dead in multitudes, like flies on a winter-struck windowsill.

Notions of grandeur or no, we are what we have always been: creaturely, dependent, and small.

REMINDER of our creaturely dependence, our everlasting ingre-dience in the total tissue of things, may be brought home to us temporarily by nearly any natural catastrophe. *Pouf* blows the wind — a little harder than we have come to count upon as "normal" — and in a panicky astonishment we find we can still be sent cringing and whimpering to take refuge in a hole in the ground. *Swoosh* says the Missouri River, swelling and muttering and flicking its tail; and the most sequestered urbanite is shown, on television, the evidence that earth, water and air still hold their immemorial power. We are made to know, at least for a minute, what it is to be a creature, not a master. We are made to see, at least for a minute, that we are not and can never be cut off or exempted from the great sweeps of earth events, which in fact enclose and control us as an arterial system a corpuscle.

As for reminders of how far from solitary our species is, how gigantic the proliferation of creatures amongst which we are just one crea-

ture — well, such reminders may come in all sorts of ways. In an odd moment we take a look through a microscope, and are overwhelmed to find in one drop of water a thousand fellow-beings living out their lives there. We chance to be alerted out of our unawareness for a minute by a bird in a bush; and, looking closely into what we had thought that tenantless greenery, we suddenly discover not one bird but dozens, scores, hundreds. Possibly we are moved to look up some statistics of natural history. We find, if we do, that we are a single mammal species among more than four thousand. We find that all the mammals together are as nothing in comparison with the birds, of which more than fifteen thousand species go singing and flying and nest-building under our common sun. We find, finally, though it is nearly past taking in, that all the millions of our earth's vertebrate inhabitants are a mere nothing, a drop, a particle, amid the multimillions and multibillions of the invertebrate beings. There are a hundred thousand kinds of just mollusks. There are multithousand species of just protozoa. Stare at the figures awhile and the size of our single species, Man, dwindles and dwindles and dwindles away, even as we see our big earth itself dwindle to only a dancing dust mote if we stare long and steadily enough into the thronged deeps of outer space.

We may be brought bang up against this kind of reminder and realization in the homely midsummer act of stripping an ear of corn.

We have bought it, perhaps, in a glittering supermarket. We have been served it, possibly, in an urban restaurant, all spotless, air-conditioned, man-mastered and secure. We start to strip down our docile and domesticated vegetable. Behold, we are undone. We cry, in an outrage and amazement, "Why, there's a *worm* in it."

YES. INDEED. Here, in the shiny citadel, behold the invader and reminder. Here he curls amid the kernels, plump, placid, brownly-green, and chewing.

This is *Heliothis*, the corn-ear worm, the tobacco bud worm, the cotton bollworm, the tomato fruitworm. There are a great many names for this one worm, because this one worm — this one brother and life-sharer of ours, out of the planet's multibillions — eats a great many kinds of things that we also seek to harvest. This fellow of ours, this one fellow, takes about twenty million dollars worth from our every annual crop of cotton. Of "our" corn, *Heliothis* consumes each year about two million of the acres we plant. A high percentage of all the corn grown over all the corn belt goes not into any nourishment of human beings but into the caterpillar-stomachs of legions of *Helio-*

this. Here he lies curled and placid, and presently we will have disposed of him and forgotten him, or the waiter will have whisked him decorously away. But by his intrusion into the neat security of our man-world he has let us have a reminder of something:

Speaking and thinking man-wise, we designate as the Atomic Age the period in which we are living. But speaking earth-wise, thinking in the largeness of biology, this age is not even the Age of Man, far less of our most recent particular kind of little explosion. This is not even the Age of Mammals. This is the Age of Insects.

We human beings, indeed we mammals altogether, are trivial amid a company of insects whose species number not thousands but millions. It is not the corn-ear worm, suddenly startling on our dinner plate, who is an interloper. It is we who are the tiny alien minority in his age. Our little human world, our whole human enterprise, is but a small stir within (so to speak) a few interstices of Insectdom Omnipresent. If, from the total population of living creatures now on our earth, there were suddenly to be subtracted the entirety of the human species, the loss to earth-life's living whole would be negligible almost

beyond expression in the utmost minuscules of mathematics.

THERE ARE cogent reasons, sufficiently impressive to have persuaded many meditative men, for supposing that our human species has a specialness and peculiarity which give us, in a legitimate sense, unique distinction amid all the teeming moil of this earth's living things. We alone move outside time and place, and may participate in a reality and stability beyond this particular small star at this particular moment in the eternity of the worlds. Even though this be true — indeed especially if it is true — it does us no harm now and then to be hit abruptly in the face with the fact of our preposterous littleness. The Creation, which only we may see as such, is revealed to us as an infinitely more gigantesque process than we had fancied. The stuff of life tumbles and pours from the creative source in a tumultuous productivity; and we are one created thing, among a great, great many. We strip open our ear of corn, and there is our worm, and we know. It is open to us, in our brief little adventure here, to praise and participate. It is not open to us, and never was, to be masters, or be central, or be safe.

SECOND THOUGHTS

The Rich and the Poor

William F. Buckley, Jr.

PRETEND, French philosopher-journalist Bertrand de Jouvenel asked his audience at Cambridge University a couple of years ago, that production has nothing to do with incentive. Pretend that man will work just about as hard if he can keep what he earns as if he has to give it all away. Go even further: make believe that man will work just as hard even if he knows that the government will see to it that whether he works or not, his income will be about as high as the drudge, over there, putting in a lot of overtime.

There is probably too much pretending going on to satisfy anyone that de Jouvenel is anything more than an intellectual dilettante, having a lot of fun with a lot of esoteric hocus-pocus. But de Jouvenel was being deadly serious as he prepared to discuss a deadly serious, topical issue. He felt that it was time some-

body challenged the socialists' well-propagandized monopoly as the vigilantes of humanitarianism and social responsibility in modern society. He was tired and alarmed at the fast consolidating line of demarcation that wants to divide the forces of the socialists over there, peering benignly at mankind, from the forces of the individualists over on the other side, peering lustfully at their ticker tapes. He set about, therefore, to examine the proposals of the egalitarians — not to explore whether income redistribution brings about a decrease in production, which is an exclusively economic problem, but to inquire what else it does to the individual and to society.

The idea of income redistribution stems from the praiseworthy conviction that there is a floor beneath which no man's income should fall. That floor is itself, of course, dif-

ficult to formulate. The notion that such a floor ought to represent the income necessary to provide shelter, food, clothing, medical care, and nothing else, neglects altogether the psychical side of man, the side of man that cries out with unassailable cogency for such non-physical commodities as entertainment, companionship, art, pride, etc. But these refinements need not prevent us from asserting that a society ought, as a starting point, at least, to guarantee to all men an income floor.

The question immediately arises: And whence the money to guarantee to the poor such a floor? Just as fast as the question is put, the answer is given: from the rich. Let the rich, who have plenty to spare, channel their excess income to the poor in order that the poor may count on a minimum income.

Why should we be interested in the poor to begin with? The answer is obvious, of course. Every citizen who has any pretensions to respect for the individual is "involved" in his society, and hence concerned for its underprivileged members. This is to say nothing of the fact that poverty and acute distress inevitably give birth to disruptive "antagonisms" within a society; and all of us are anxious to drain cesspools of envy, distrust, callousness, and class hatred. As you rid society of the causes of its antagonisms, then, you better that society; you pave the way for a better world.

The early socialists seized on a means of dissipating social antagonisms: they would simply take from the rich to give to the poor. Their triumphant claim that such a program carried with it the sanction of Christ (who presumably hadn't thought to enunciate it during His sojourn here) was a little garbled, since Christ commended the *giving* by the rich to the poor, but said nothing at all about the virtues of the State's *taking* from the rich to give to the poor. But anyhow, the "end" of Christianity was to be served in that poverty was to be wiped out, by God! — which calls to mind the attitude of the Inquisitors in Spain a few centuries back who determined that heresy too was to be wiped out, by God.

At any rate, the socialists proceeded to systematize their theories about the antagonisms of society, and to advance their notions about income redistribution. The concept of private property came a-tumbling down, to the beat of elaborate treatises about the good society. These exercised a ponderable effect. They brought with them not only the glamor of scientific exactitude, but also the idealism of a battalion of Quixotes. The redistributionists gathered around one or another version of a rather wordy slogan, but a highly useful one, that read: "Total satisfaction is maximized by that division of incomes which equalizes the marginal utilities of income

of all the individuals in the society." One translation: "It is evident that any transference of income from a relatively rich man to a relatively poor man of similar temperament, since it enables more intense wants to be satisfied at the expense of less intense wants, must increase the aggregate sum of satisfactions."

More simply still: it means more for a poor man to have money enough to buy aspirin and shirts than it does for a rich man to have money enough to buy polo horses and swimming pools. The object, then, is to figure out at what point the taking of ten dollars from any member of society represents exactly the same dissatisfaction. When that point has been reached, income has been properly redistributed, and social antagonisms have been minimized.

MR. DE JOUVENEL applies these principles to Great Britain, using the statistics on income for the fiscal year 1947-1948. For convenience, I shall upvalue the pound to an informal \$3.00.

What, asks Mr. de Jouvenel, ought to be the floor beneath which no income should fall? He accepts \$750 — "a convenient figure because it is used as a dividing line in all available statistics." The problem: how much money must be taken from the rich to insure that all persons enjoy at least a \$750 yearly income in Great Britain. The answer:

one billion, eight hundred and ninety million dollars. To levy this sum from the "higher" income brackets, the question must first be asked whether the sum is to be raised before or after present taxes are levied. The answer must be *after* taxes if the government itself is to be left any revenue after redistribution — to carry on with defense, diplomacy, social services, administration, and the like. In fact, since a higher tax for redistribution is contemplated, and there will therefore remain less individual surplus money to provide for the all-important economic function of saving and investment, the government must certainly hang on to what it has got — and, in point of fact, discover some way of raising vastly greater sums.

Therefore, the "rich" are to be approached, after taxes, with the view to raising one billion, eight hundred and ninety million dollars. To raise this money, what will be the resulting *ceiling* in personal income? The answer is staggering, but the statistics are obstinate: to raise the amount of money necessary to guarantee to all adults in Great Britain a minimum yearly salary of \$750 means putting a \$1500 ceiling on incomes!

Such a ceiling is vastly below anything the most ardent socialist ever contemplated, but there it is. A flood of questions quickly arise. If the ceiling on individual income

is to be \$1500, society is going to look very different. For one thing, what will happen to those social activities which distinguish the barbarian from the civilized society? This is provided for. "All advocates of extreme redistribution," remarks Mr. de Jouvenel, "couple it with most generous measures of state support for the whole superstructure of cultural activities."

In other words, since individuals will no longer be able to afford to subsidize culture, the State will have to do it. But to concede to the State this prerogative is to defy the working principle which justifies redistribution in the first place — that is, the maximization of the individual satisfactions. It is a depressing but well-known fact that with a few interesting exceptions, cultural activities are subsidized by the few. This indicates that culture satisfies only the few. If at this juncture in our speculation the State accepts responsibility for subsidizing the arts, it is doing violence to its own principle of maximizing *majority* satisfactions. And anyway, why should the State perform this function? What indication is there that the State can do it better? The cost is the same, so why channel the money from the people to the State to cultural activities? What is the point in the intermediary step? Could it be that the redistributionists primarily want culture to carry the imprint of the State?

And still more: isn't our new "just society" merely substituting one form of discrimination for another? Under a system that tolerates extremes of wealth and poverty, the poor are "prevented" from enjoying the satisfactions they seek; in an egalitarian society, those persons who are not satisfied with pedestrian enjoyments, those persons who prefer the \$3 novel or book of theory or ballet to the dime thriller, the detective story, and the movie, will find such minority-subsidized enjoyments outside their reach. Worse, they will also find that they are living in a society which makes it a statutory impossibility for any citizen to amass sufficient money to enable him to look forward to the day when he can indulge himself in these satisfactions.

The redistributionists, in short, will have midwived a new oppressed class — and a shackled one, too. For it will be a class that cannot look forward to relief — in contradistinction to the poor classes of today, whose lot is constantly improving, and from which individual members can always emerge to join ranks with the economic elite. If it is true that the redistributionist looks for justice for all individuals, then it is also true that he must reckon with the fact that all individuals are not satisfied with the same thing, that the cost of servicing each individual's desires differs. It follows that a system "that involves the

debasement of even the lower-middle-class standard of life" is not one primarily concerned with justice for all.

It is seen, then, that there simply isn't enough money in champagne baths, polo horses, and private yachts to provide any substantial floor to support the lower incomes. Redistribution is not vertical, it is oblique. "Many of those who denounce the disproportionate share of the 'upper tenth' are blissfully unconscious of belonging to it," Mr. de Jouvenel notes. And notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the British Socialists to aid the hard-pressed in England, an ECA Commission was forced to report in 1948 that lower-income families, taken as a whole, "pay more money into the exchequer than they draw from it."

PERHAPS the most melancholy effect of the redistributionist program is the transfer of power from the individual to the State, and all that this implies. We have already seen that redistribution requires that the State absorb the function of savings and investment. The State must superintend social activities, no longer spontaneous under the new general impoverishment. The State must superintend all intricate or specialized activities which, in a society that does not tolerate any surpluses beyond bare pocket money, cannot find adequate support. And

the State must enforce this unnatural state of affairs — unnatural because it impedes man from pursuing his interests, exercising his ambitions, exploiting his talents, in short, from giving play to his personality — by leaning heavily on its right arm, the police force. The redistributionists, Mr. de Jouvenel laments, are bent on society's march back to reproducing the medieval situation of *Nul homme sans seigneur*.

And what has been accomplished for the oppressed? With the burden on the State to assume the functions heretofore assumed by the middle- and upper-income classes, with the State budgeting for investments, social services, and cultural activities in addition to its workaday expenses, there is little left with which to swell the nether incomes. "In fact, burdened with its many tasks, it follows the redistributionist pattern only in its takings, not in its largesse. . . . The more one considers the matter, the clearer it becomes that redistribution is in effect far less a redistribution of free income from the richer to the poorer . . . than a redistribution of power from the individual to the State."

In the circumstances, Mr. de Jouvenel wonders "how far the demand for equality is directed against inequality itself . . . and how far it is directed against a certain set of 'unequals' and is thus an unconscious move in a change of elites" —

a transfer from an economic elite whose power, in a competitive situation, must always depend on servicing the consumer, to a political elite, whose power is backed by the police force.

The socialists, Bertrand de Jouvenel laments, have surrendered their idealistic pretensions. They have adopted the market-value conception of a society. Their concern about wealth above all has lead them to neglect the fact that consumption is only a *means* to human life. They are wallowing in contradictions they refuse to think through. They believe a society can justifiably seek more goods for itself, and yet they scorn a system that encourages the individual to seek more goods for himself. "What is to be held against them is not that they are utopian, it is that they completely fail to be so; it is not their excessive imagination, but their complete lack of it; not that they wish to transform society beyond the realm of possibility, but that they have renounced any essential transformation; not that their means are unrealistic, but that their ends are flat-footed. In fact the mode of thought which tends to predominate [among them] is nothing but the tail-end of 19th century utilitarianism."

MR. DE JOUVENEL does not spell out a nostrum for the world's ills, most likely because he knows that one doesn't exist. Yet in his

grave and thoughtful lectures there is no indication that he depreciates the nagging, frightening problem of what he calls the "nether income group"; on the contrary. A decent livelihood for all persons in a society can only come from encouraging the spontaneous productiveness of the individual. The only security that an impoverished member of a free society can rely upon is help from the individual, from social not state action. And the individual will be able to help only so long as he can enjoy a surplus. And he will be disposed to help only so long as his society esteems the highest values, most particularly *individual* responsibility for his neighbor. He can only contribute to the general raising of the standard of living of the society so long as he is free to help himself along with the society. The State cannot create wealth. At the margin, it must depend on the people's creating wealth before there exists wealth to pass along to the poor. The redistributionist program, for all its claims, remains the most oppressively and decisively anti-humanitarian, anti-spiritual social system on the horizon. It not only offers no long-range solution to lifting up the standard of living of the lowest income class, it threatens to impoverish all classes along with it. Spiritually, it promises to suffocate all the finest instincts in man. These too are to become the property of the State.

Mr. de Jouvenel's lectures have appeared in a 92-page book called *The Ethics of Redistribution*. It is published by the Cambridge University Press. It costs \$1.75. A good investment while we can afford it.

It is not likely that such a book would be considered an item in the "superstructure of cultural activities" that the State would be disposed to subsidize when the redistributionists have won the day.

The Taxpayer's Front

» Rulers, of course, tend to believe that the greater the fraction of private incomes they can draw into the Treasury, the better for the community as a whole: for are they not the best judges of the common interest, which the individual, sunk in his selfish pursuits, cannot perceive? Taxpayers, however, have shown through the centuries little understanding of the superior capacity of their rulers to spend the citizen's earnings, and have obdurately maintained their right to spend their incomes in their own manner.

Indeed, the subject's dislike of taxation has been the means of turning him into a citizen: it has provided the foundation of our political institutions. For what was Parliament originally if not a device to overcome the taxpayer's resistance? . . .

The taxpayers' front was then a bulwark of individual freedom and the corner-stone of political liberty. It is remarkable how this front has disintegrated in the last generation. This phenomenon, the political consequences of which have not yet attracted sufficient notice, is closely linked to redistributionist policies. . . .

The method of so-called redistribution through the agency of the redistributing State, and its outcome, the favouring of corporate bodies over individuals, seem to us to pertain to a vast evolutionary process which will not result in equality, and in which the egalitarian ideal is put to work, in all good faith, for ends other than itself.

BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL, *in THE ETHICS OF REDISTRIBUTION*,
Cambridge University Press, 1952.

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